The Wellesley Magazine

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THOREAU.

WE are often told that until the latter half of the nineteenth century, the world devoted itself to the saving of its own soul, but that since the fifties this bugbear has disappeared and in its stead we have "a passion for humanity." If this were true, our "moral predicament" would not be immitigable, but we all know that both of these bugbears are present with us. When we are in despair over the impossibility of satisfying the demands of the two monsters, we find a momentary consolation in the thought that there is no such thing as a conflict of duties. We are, however, immediately plunged into new throes by the difficulty of seeing the real duty. Then we wonder if after all it does not consist in simply living out our own lives as completely as possible, and if, in doing this, we are not taking the surest way of helping the world along.

These questionings come to us with especial insistence after we have been reading Thoreau, because he seems to be an example of what a man can ac-

complish for the world by living his own life. Though there are none who will question that Thoreau rendered a genuine service to mankind in writing his books, there will be many to ask whether he might not have written his books even if he had cherished his own individuality less tenaciously. If Thoreau had lived a different life, he might have written something, certainly, but he would not have written these books, whose charm is unique and without which we should be the poorer. Though the fact that Thoreau, by living his own life in his own way, was enabled to confer a favor upon mankind, does not show that any other man by pursuing the same course is going to meet with the same success, it is interesting as illustrating what may be the results of such a course, and it is the more interesting for the reason that Thoreau was not a genius. It is because Thoreau was not a genius, and that his work was the inevitable outcome of his life, that we regard him as an example of individualism.

In saying that Thoreau is not a genius we are expressing an opinion but recently formed. For a long time we were overawed by the man's own opinion of himself, and it was only after learning that Emerson once said that Thoreau was not so great a genius as he thought himself that we gained courage to look squarely in the face his claims to the title. The decision that his claims were insufficient was not reached after any close and cogent line of reasoning, but by a course of reflection which, though devious, was not the less convincing.

If Thoreau is a genius, we asked, to what class does he belong—the sane or the insane? For although every genius is a law unto himself, we conceive that all literary geniuses may be put in either the one or the other of these categories. Shakespeare and Wordsworth are examples of the former sort; Shelley and Poe of the latter. He is a sane genius who has many different qualities developed to a high and equal degree of perfection; he is an insane genius who has one quality developed to an extent abnormal and out of proportion to his other faculties. A sane genius is characterized by breadth as well as depth, whereas the genius who is not sane makes up for his lack of breadth by superior intensity. The former usually gives us a large amount of work on various subjects, all of a high quality; the latter gives us work that is small in quantity, restricted in range, but of the finest quality. With the works of which kind of genius must those of Thoreau be placed?

In quantity, Thoreau's work is not large. Only two of his books, "Walden" and "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," were published during his lifetime. Since his death, however, his notes have been collected into eight volumes. That the volumes should number eight is a monument to the enterprise of his editor, for there are many parallel passages in the different volumes. As all his books are made up of notes from his journal, the publication of the journal itself necessitated the repetition of passages already issued. In addition to the repetition in different volumes there is a large amount of it in the same volume. Thoreau's editor is even more fond than Thoreau himself of reintroducing his thoughts. Considering that all that Thoreau had to say to the world could probably be comprised in five volumes, it cannot be said that his message was long.

The purport of a message, however, is of more consequence than its length, and Thoreau talks to us upon high subjects. All of his writing may be included under the heads of criticism, philosophy, and nature.

In the line of literary criticism Thoreau has not given us much, and what he has given us is incorporated in works upon nature. Most of his critical essays are found in "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," where he occasionally stops praising the scenery to praise Homer and Ossian, Vergil and Chaucer. These eulogies are generally introduced by reflections upon the superiority of works of genius, to those of art merely. He finds many more illustrations of genius among old books than among new. There are, however, a few new books which, he thinks, resemble the old; among them are the works of Ossian and Sir Walter Raleigh,—an opinion in which the rest of mankind does not apparently coincide. It is, however, with books universally admitted to be great that he is best acquainted. He displays an intimate knowledge and keen appreciation of the world-poets. His criticism is of the interpretative kind, but though he interprets appreciatively, he does not do it inspiringly. Some of the moderns, as, for example, Matthew Arnold and Andrew Lang, have a way of praising the Greeks that makes us eager to know them ourselves; but Thoreau does not produce this effect. When he praises some one whom we know, as Chaucer and Carlyle, we recognize the truth of what he says, and the grace with which he says it. We recognize, too, the conservative nature of his opinion; for the points he makes are the ones upon which all of the critics are agreed. When Thoreau

praises something with which we are not familiar, as Oriental literature, we are left coldly indifferent to what he tells us is of such superior value.

In Oriental literature what Thoreau cares for most is the philosophy. It is the religious and moral truth contained therein, rather than the form, that interests him. He is fond of making comparisons between the Eastern religious systems and the Christian, always to the disadvantage of the latter. Indeed, the disrespect with which Thoreau speaks of the Christian religion seems unphilosophical. We cannot see that he is any the better a Transcendentalist for saying things of this sort: "When one enters a village, the church, not only really, but from association, is the ugliest looking building in it, because it is the one in which human nature stoops the lowest and is the most disgraced." He contrasts strongly with Emerson in this respect, for Emerson's charity transcends Thoreau's as much as his transcendentalism does. Thoreau's transcendentalism is rather difficult to understand. The whole school is characterized by a certain haze, which in the case of Thoreau condenses into mist. It is impossible for us to grasp his theory of the universe. Whether Nature was his God, or the symbol of some higher power, we cannot make out. The general impression which his philosophical passages give us, is that they are Emersonian without being Emerson's.

From his treatment of nature, Thoreau seems to Mr. Channing, one of his biographers, to deserve the name of Poet-Naturalist. We fail to see the appropriateness of the epithet; for Thoreau's treatment of nature impresses us as being neither poetic nor scientific. While every poet has his own way of treating nature, all have enough in common for us to have a distinct idea of what a poetic treatment of nature is. In the first place it is suggestive. A yellow primrose is infinitely more to a poet than a yellow primrose, and to him "the meanest flower that blows" suggests "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." Nature with the poet does not begin and end in itself; it causes him to soar into the purer ether from which he may or may not come back to earth again. Nature with Thoreau does not suggest a train of images or a line of thought. If it occasionally hints at something beyond itself, we have already confessed our inability to comprehend what it is. Usually, however, it suggests the superiority of nature over man. However profitable this may be, it is not pleasant to hear ourselves

abused. Then a theme can hardly be said to be suggestive to readers when it is always suggestive of the same thing to the writer. We know that Thoreau cannot go far in his praise of nature without saying something derogatory of man. When a poet deals with nature he arouses in us the emotions that nature herself inspires. It is not often that Thoreau does this. He does not seem to have an emotional temperament. We cannot think of his losing himself in the beauty and mystery of nature. We fancy him standing around calmly taking in the different features, and he sees them all, even to the tiniest details. He records them, too, with such wonderful skill that we see them ourselves. What Thoreau describes we see, but do not feel.

Thoreau himself says that he is not a scientist, and that he never systematically studied botany or zoölogy, but that he only observed plants and animals after his own fashion. This fashion seems to us so careful a one, that we are surprised to hear from naturalists that he has not discovered a single new bird, or fish, or plant, and that he is inaccurate in his observations of those familiar to scientists. We experience something akin to grief when, after we have read in the journal for autumn of Thoreau's herculean efforts to see the muskrat build his house, we learn from John Burroughs that the muskrat does not build his house in the fall, but in the spring! It reminds us that Emerson says that Thoreau was not naturally a keen observer. Since Thoreau has discovered no new law, or relation, has not added to the fund of individual facts, and is, moreover, inaccurate, we are forced to agree with him that he is not a scientist.

Instead of the title of Poet-Naturalist we dislike to substitute one, which, though it describes our idea of Thoreau's nature treatment, is yet so awkward a term as Realist Naturalist. Yet Thoreau seems to us to do for nature what the realist in fiction does for life: to present the appearance of things. As the realist selects the appearance of everyday life, so Thoreau takes that of everyday nature. No new beauty in heaven or earth he discovers for us. He shows us the beauties that all have seen. The pleasure in reading Thoreau's nature work is one of recognition. We are continually reading the description of some sight or sound that we have noticed, but have never before seen expressed. The silence of nature, the appearance of the night, the beauty of reflections, the freshness of the morning,

these he is continually noting, and we never tire of reading. It is difficult to select quotations, they are so numerous and beautiful. As we love the appearance of nature, we love the pages in Thoreau where he presents it to us. Thoreau again resembles the realistic novelists in that he gives us "a slice out of nature," just as they give us "a slice out of life." For Thoreau seldom describes a scene to us. He more often gives us some feature, or corner of the picture. Oftentimes, when he has made us realize to ourselves some isolated object, it becomes something of a burden that we have no scene in which to place it, or relate it to other objects. In one more respect Thoreau is like the realist novelist. He imagines that by scrutinizing the face of nature he is going to see into her soul; as the realist in fiction thinks by watching the actions of man he is going to fathom the depths of his nature. There is a lack of reverence in Thoreau's attitude toward nature. He seems to think that by eternal vigilance he is going to probe her secrets, but the mystery of her being is as unexplained, as if Thoreau had not tried to understand it. From his skill in reproducing, and his lack of poetic insight, we should say that Thoreau is nature's most expert photographer. Although, for the purpose of analysis, we have divided the matter in Thoreau's books into criticism, philosophy, and nature, all of his books have really but one theme,—himself. In criticism it is what *he* thinks, in philosophy what *he* feels, in nature what *he* sees. Ostensibly, however, his subject is nature, as the titles of his books show. Whether it be nature or himself is, perhaps, of little consequence, since there is so little continuity in Thoreau's writing. He is, in any case, according to our previously stated classification, debarred from a place among geniuses. He has but one theme, and cannot, therefore, be classed with geniuses who are sane. He treats the one theme in fragmentary fashion, and is hence excluded from the ranks of geniuses who are not sane.

For the fact that Thoreau is not a genius we cannot hold his life accountable, but we do think that it is in a large measure responsible for his books. Thoreau's life falls naturally into two parts: the years preceding and following his Walden hermitage. The retreat to Walden seems to us the turning point in his career. Up to this time his life had been as conventional as it had been uneventful. He had graduated at Harvard, and had then

taught school. Two years he spent on Staten Island tutoring the nephews of Emerson. He had been writing for the magazines, which declined to publish his contributions. He had been in need of money. His letters written at this time show that he was as unhappy as many another man who is trying to earn his living in an occupation not congenial. He came home from New York and made a lead pencil, which, patented, would have insured him a comfortable income. Instead of availing himself of his worldly opportunities, he went to Walden Pond, built himself a shanty and lived a life of solitude. He spent only two years at Walden, but after he left he did not materially alter his manner of living. In going to Walden, Thoreau seems to have taken the first step toward carrying out his resolution to live his own life. In a letter written at this time he says, "Most of us are apt to neglect the study of our characters, thoughts, and feelings." He seems to have made up his mind that it was not right for him to be worrying himself to death teaching children, or making lead pencils, when he wanted to be walking over the fields and writing in his journal, and that thenceforth he should do what he liked. Thoreau tells us that he did not go to Walden as a protest against civilization, or to teach men how to live a better life. "I have no designs upon men," he says; "I went to transact a little business." And we know now that "the little business" was self-expression in every way possible.

When a man decides that it is his business to follow his own inclinations, every act of his life becomes either a solemn duty or a sacred pleasure. Everything is then of equal importance to him, and his life loses its perspective. It becomes rather amusing to lookers-on to see how seriously he takes himself. Such a resolution has the effect of leveling his life.

This was the effect that it had upon Thoreau. Hitherto his life had been made up of the two elements of duty and pleasure. Now it is all duty or all pleasure, which we don't know. What he eats for breakfast has become of as much importance as what he writes in his journal. He must express himself as much in one as in the other. Thoreau makes it his boast that "others trouble themselves that their dinner may cost much, I that mine may cost little," and we warrant that the "others" do not spend more time and thought to have theirs appetizing and artistic, than Thoreau to make his unpalatable and indigestible. He is as particular that his clothes shall be old, as some others that theirs shall be new. Everything, the food he eats, the clothes he

wears, together with the cost and manner of obtaining both, are of importance inasmuch as they relate to himself. Since everything is important, nothing is too insignificant to record, and hence we have Thoreau's books, a compendium of his thoughts, feelings, and actions.

Although his life furnished the material for his books, Thoreau did not live this life of communion with nature for the sake of writing his books. The writing was with him a part of the living, the final stage in every experience. He spent half of his days and nights out of doors, and if he had not written some account of each day's experience, his life would have been little better than a tramp's. Thoreau, however, had the artist's desire for self-expression, and all of his sensations end in a tangible result. He followed the advice which he once gave to a young man: "Let me suggest a theme for you," he says, "to state to yourself precisely and exactly what that walk over the mountain amounted to for you, returning to this essay again and again, until you are satisfied that all that was important in your experience is in it. Give this good reason to yourself for having gone to the mountain. Don't suppose that you can tell it precisely the first dozen times you try, but at 'em again, especially when after sufficient pause you suspect that you are touching the heart or summit of the matter, reiterate your blows there and account for the mountain to yourself. Not that the story need be long, but it will take a long while to make it short." The length of Thoreau's walk, Emerson tells us, made the length of his writing. We should not have his books if he had not had his walks.

While his life is thus directly responsible for the matter of Thoreau's books, it is only indirectly responsible for their style. For "the style is the man," and his life affects it through his character.

In spite of the fact that Thoreau has written about himself in ten volumes, we find it difficult to say what kind of man he is. No sooner do we gain one impression of the man than it is destroyed by another of the opposite nature. When he says:—

> "Great God, from thee I ask no meaner pelf
> Than that I may not disappoint myself,"

we think that he is an egoistic, self-sufficient creature who is going to do lofty things because he owes it to himself. But when he says, "I never dreamed of any enormity greater than I have committed. I never knew and

never shall know a worse man than myself," we think he is an essentially modest man, distrustful lest he may not live up to his high ideal. At times, when we read his journal, we are filled with admiration for a man who had the courage to live as he thought he ought, regardless of the opinion of his fellow-man. Soon, however, we begin to think that he is not at all regardless of his neighbors' opinions, and furthermore that he was anxious they should think him eccentric. The pains that he takes to impress upon us his indifference to man's opinion cause us to suspect the sincerity of his protestation. Yet he seems oblivious of all except his own enjoyment when he responds to invitations to go upon walks with his friends. "I don't know, my walk is very important to me. I haven't any walks to be throwing away." Sometimes he seems like a hard, cold, selfish, egoistic man who lived upon a high plane himself, and had no sympathy for those struggling in the valley below. Again, he appears as shy, timid, reserved, with a warm feeling for his fellow-man, but with no talent for showing it and winning their love. There seems to be only one point about Thoreau of which we are sure. Whether he was serenely right or serenely wrong we can't tell, but there is no doubt about his serenity. We can detect no warring of elements in Thoreau's character. It is baffling; but from its simplicity, not its complexity.

We can understand Thoreau's character only by reference to his life principle of individualism. This tended to simplify his character so far that it almost defies analysis. We cannot separate his virtues and his faults into two piles, and then stand off and see which is the bigger. While we are in the act of putting down a virtue, it has changed into a fault, and in the same way a fault seems suddenly transformed into a virtue. Thoreau had no vices, and his faults were only virtues carried too far. His modesty degenerated into self-consciousness; his self-reliance into egotism; his devotion to his own ideal into intolerance and a desire for originality. Thoreau shows us that there is infinite peril in being too good, and that an entire devotion to our development does not produce a well-rounded character. That his character is narrow and contradictory is due to the fact that he followed too exclusively his own individual bent. If he had thought it necessary to cultivate some of the qualities in which he was lacking, as, for example, courtesy, kindliness, sympathy, his character

would not be the enigma it now is. Its strength and force would not have been distorted into harshness and severity. It would have had sweetness, as well as purity and strength. As it is, Thoreau's character is so narrow, and the good and bad so inextricably mingled, that we can only say of it: it is a paradox.

Thoreau's style also displays paradoxical qualities. It is at once natural and affected, easy and labored, commonplace and original. As we turn over the pages of the journal, the phrasing of much of it is as commonplace as the thought. Entries like the following are not rare: "Perhaps the warmest day yet. True Indian Summer. The walker perspires. The shepherd's purse is in full bloom; the andromeda not turned red. I saw a pile of snow fleas in a rut in a wood path, six or seven inches long, and three quarters of an inch high; to the eye exactly like powder, as if a sportsman had spilled it from his flask; and when a stick was passed through the living and skipping mass each side of the furrow preserved its edge, as in powder." This impression of commonplaceness is but momentary. We turn over a few more pages and read: "A bewitching stillness reigns through all the woodland and over all the snow-clad landscape. Indeed, the winter day in the woods or fields has commonly the stillness of twilight. The pond is perfectly smooth and full of light. I hear only the strokes of a lingering woodchopper at a distance, and the melodious hooting of an owl, which is as common and marked a sound as that of the axe or the locomotive whistle; yet where does the ubiquitous hooter sit, and who sees him? In whose woodshed is he to be found?" We are charmed by the ease and grace of this style. Apparently the writer used the words that came to him first, and though they are commonplace words enough, their total effect is one of freshness, as if Thoreau had used them for the first time. There are many similar passages which display an originality that is not startling, but pleasing; it seems so spontaneous and unconscious.

Thoreau has not, however, the fault of "fatal facility." Though many of his individual sentences have a beautiful rhythm, there is never any continued flow of words, any more than there is of thought. Much of his writing seems to be the result of struggle. His occasionally beautiful passages give us an impression of effort, although the only part of the effort

that is visible is the success. This passage from "Walden" in the essay on Ponds, for instance: "A lake is the landscape's most beautiful and expressive feature. It is earth's eye, looking into which the beholder measures the depth of his own nature. The fluviatile trees next the shore are the slender eyelashes which fringe it, and the wooded hills and cliffs around are its overhanging brows." That is like a bit of poetry set in a page of prose. One reason it pleases us so much is that Thoreau seems to have had to work to put it there, and that he succeeded so well.

Thoreau often, however, gives us a sense of effort that is not pleasing. He tries so hard to make paradoxes and succeeds so frequently that we become wearied. The better he succeeds the less we like it. When he says, "I liked his looks and the sounds of his silence," and "I never found the companion that was as companionable as solitude," we can see the paradox and enjoy it; but we are bored by the completeness of the following: "If the time of this sadness which visits me would only be sadder, it would be happier," and "It was so dry, you might call it wet."

We are wearied by his paradoxes, and furthermore, are irritated by his exaggerations. When Thoreau says: "I would rather hear the frogs in their pond than the most eloquent man of his age," we know he does not mean what he says. Indeed, he tells us that he is a great exaggerator. "I pile Pelion upon Ossa in hopes to reach heaven so." Some of us prefer not to reach heaven by any such distortion of truth, at any rate, such cold-blooded distortion. There are men like Carlyle, who, in the stress of a giant rage, exaggerate, and carry us on by the wave of their enthusiasm. This is not the case with Thoreau. Perhaps it is his lack of passion which makes us grow rebellious under the continual paradoxes and exaggerations.

Nevertheless, there are times when Thoreau's exaggerations amuse us, quite as much on account of the spitefulness of the speaker as of the humor of his remarks. For example: "There is a certain class of unbelievers who sometimes ask me such questions as if I think I can live on vegetable food alone; to strike at the root of the matter at once—for the root is faith—I am accustomed to answer such that I can live on board nails;" and again: "The value of a man is not in his skin, that we should touch him." We are amused, too, by his reply to some one asking him to make a call. "I have never discovered that any exertions of the legs could

bring two minds nearer together." Thoreau's humor, however, is not in-grain; for it displays itself in only occasional flashes of wit.

The qualities that please us in Thoreau's style are stronger and more prevalent than those that displease. Both, however, have their origin in the egotism of the man. The egotism that expresses so incisively, so neatly, so precisely its own thought, charms us with its vigor and freshness of style; the egotism that strives to say something startling annoys us by its exaggerations. This egotism, the basis of Thoreau's character, was the result of his individualism. As an individualist, Thoreau looked at life. His attitude shows itself in the books which he has written,—books possessed of ugly faults and beautiful virtues; and also in his character, distinguished by pitiable weakness and wondrous strength. These results are of the deepest interest to us, because Thoreau, though possessed of extraordinary ability, was not a genius. His work was the inevitable outcome of his life.

MARGARET JOSEPHINE HOLLEY.

A MATTER OF CONSCIENCE.

DR. CRAIGHEAD and "Rob" Norris, his chum in the old college days, were sitting together on the piazza of a big summer hotel, enjoying a quiet smoke. From where they sat they could hear the music in the ballroom, where most of the guests had gathered for the German. The presence of these men, however, was not expected there. Mrs. Craighead was too considerate to ask her husband to drag his willing but weary frame through the figures, and Mrs. Norris was upstairs with a headache which made the slightest sound or movement torture.

"Craighead," said Norris, suddenly, "what makes you so quiet? What patient is troubling you now?"

Dr. Craighead started. "I was only thinking," he said. "I went to see one of my patients on the East Side to-day. It seemed so hard, and I could do so little. She is a young woman, not more than thirty. The husband is dead, and there are three children. She is dying—of consumption. She has been made as comfortable as possible. There's nothing to be done now but wait for the end. And it's not easy to wait for the end in a room at the top of an East Side tenement."

"How long has she been ill?" inquired Norris.

"Well," said the doctor, reflectively, "about fifty years, I think."

"Fifty years? I thought you said she was thirty."

"I did," said Dr. Craighead. "You see, her mother had the disease before she was born. She inherited it."

They smoked on in silence for a few minutes. Then Dr. Craighead carefully knocked the ashes from his pipe, laid it in its case, and put the whole thing in his pocket.

"I tell you," he went on, as if they had been talking uninterruptedly, "people need to be educated in regard to the laws of disease. Men and women who have the slightest reason to believe that they may have inherited any such disease as consumption have no right to marry, and hand it down to their children. Since it's not a matter of state law, it should be made a matter of individual conscience. There ought to be a few more people like Marion Reynolds in the world."

Norris started a little. "Marion Reynolds?" he said.

"Yes, Marion Reynolds. Jove, man, if you want to see the bravest woman I know, except one, of course, just look at Marion Reynolds. Why, you used to know her pretty well yourself, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Norris. "I used to call there. But what about her? Why do you think her brave?"

"Well," began the doctor, slowly, "I'll tell you. You know she and my wife are great friends. Last fall, after Marion's aunt died, Helen wrote and asked her to stay with us till spring. It was rather early in the winter when she came,—just about the time you were married, I think. Yes, I remember we got your cards just a day or two after she came."

Norris puffed vigorously at his pipe, which had almost gone out. Dr. Craighead went on, still slowly. "She was completely tired out from taking care of her aunt; but even the absolute rest and change did not seem to make her well. I saw that something was wrong, but of course could not suggest anything to my wife's guest until she asked me. Things went on, till one day she went way down town to see one of Helen's errand boys, who was ill. Helen was off at an unexpected charity committee meeting, and so couldn't attend to the charity itself. It began to rain, and Marion, who had not even an umbrella, was obliged to walk several blocks before

she could find a cab. The cabman, with the cabman's usual brilliancy, managed to misunderstand her direction, and finally stopped at Fifty-fifth Street instead of Thirty-fifth. In the course of time she got home; but not before she had taken a very severe cold."

Dr. Craighead stopped and looked over at Norris. His pipe had gone out completely this time.

"Well," he said, in a tone that sounded to the doctor somewhat constrained, "what has all this to do with bravery and hereditary consumption?"

"A great deal. As I said, her cold was very severe, and I advised her to stay in bed a day or two. She coughed rather badly—a throat cough. One day Helen asked me if I were sure the cold had not affected Marion's lungs at all. I assured her it had not, and inquired what made her ask. She reminded me that Marion's mother and aunt both died of consumption. She said she thought Marion was a little worried, so I concluded to satisfy them and myself. I examined her lungs and found, as I had expected, that they were perfectly sound. I told her so, and that unless she exposed herself foolishly she need never fear the slightest trouble in that direction. She turned as pale as if I had told her she hadn't a month to live. I thought she was going to make a scene, but she bit her lip till the blood came, and then thanked me."

Norris's pipe fell from his fingers. Neither man noticed it.

"And then?" he said, in a voice from which all expression was carefully excluded.

"'And then?' There is no 'and then.' It seems that there was a man who cared for her. She refused him, because she thought it wrong for anyone who might have any such disease to marry. So much she told Helen, but did not wish to tell her who the man was, or anything about him. I have told you because it is a case in point, and I knew it would go no further."

The doctor rose as he spoke the last word. "Good night, Nor—Rob," he said. Norris stood for a moment looking over at the dark pine woods. In the darkness and quiet he made no effort to regain his usual expression of well-bred nonchalance. Presently he pulled himself together.

"I wonder how my wife's headache is," he said, and went in.

Mary E. Shoemaker, '97.

THIS IS APRIL.

I will arise and go to meet her,
As she comes to-day from the Southern slopes,
With heart and voice attuned to greet her,
For she holds fast-locked in her hands my hopes.
Even now her warm breath,
On cool meadow and stream,
Turns to soft mists of gray,
Veiling wreckage of death
In slow tears, in whose gleam
Lies a healing for pain.
Heart, be glad, sing again;
This is April.

The brown fields thrill to feel her tripping
In a rythmic measure their greening ways;
From her rosy palms are gently slipping
The immortal pleasures of spring-born days.
Swaying tree-tops bend low,
With their crown of gray-green,
Just to meet her caress;
Shadows come, shadows go,
As the shimmer and sheen
Of her breeze-tossed dress
Catch the glints of the sun.
Heart, awake; Winter's done;
This is April.

All night the happy brooks go purling
Over hidden ways, warbling mystic things
To shadowy flights of black clouds whirling,
While a joy-stirred night-bird awakes and sings.
Oh, the day-dawn is fair!
All the growing young things,
Pushing heavenward, fill
With fine fragrance the air.
There's a glint of swift wings,
There's a song-burst—a trill
Of pure joy up above.
Heart, look up, sing of love;
This is April.

L. B. A., '97.

"SEPTEMBER THE FIRST AND JUNE THE SECOND."

THEY were the college months she thought of, that beginning and end of her "different" life. She had left home two years before, brimming over with enthusiastic visions of her all-in-all college life to come, and now it was ended. Again she sat at home, at her desk, and looked back upon the old dreams, the old thoughts, the old scenes, and for the first time fully realized that the keynote of living is change. It was a bit hard to give up the ideals to which she had clung so short a time ago, but best. Through the crowd of thronging memories and the pressing present she got a gleam of light for future action. It was then that a hopeful, by no means despairing, "This too will pass" became her motto.

For years before she had had so many, many thoughts of college,—college women and college life. She had eagerly devoured every bit of information that came her way, had treasured every picture and every prophecy. The college itself seemed an ideal spot, with not a blemish to mar its loveliness. The faculty were master minds, giant intellects. In addition, too, they were of her kind; would be sympathetic, would understand "when the world goes wrong—it always does now and then." These women had been along this path before; they knew its hardships, its difficulties. They could point out the straight, when all seemed crooked. The wrench from home—she had never been away alone before—would not seem great. The present helpful intercourse with older friends would be replaced by a new, strange at first, but more familiar by and by. Those great, beautiful lives had undertaken work in this field for this very purpose, to bring to the younger, the untried, the wealth and breadth of their experience and gain.

The students, coming from all parts of the world, would contribute new ideas and earnest ardor to a common fund. Hearty good fellowship between representatives of so many environments, so many methods of living, must be broadening and invigorating. A common aim would bind them together, would amalgamate dissimilar elements.

Her purpose, as she looked back on it now, seemed comical,—pitiful, rather. It had been such a distorted little purpose. Of course, even then she had known everything was not to be learned in four years. But she thought at least each thing begun would be completed, would be in the end a thing tan-

gible, a whole. Afterwards they were, I suppose, to have been laid away; packages waiting till called for, neatly tied and labeled. A degree represented an indefinable accomplishment. She hoped, too, for success. She felt so capable, so ready, so intensely interested. A reasonable amount of brains and such an eager love must surely conquer a great deal, she thought.

She remembered all this so distinctly. It rushed back upon her almost as strongly as on that "September the First" day when she drew nearer and nearer that spot of her hopeful dreams. Her throat choked with the same little feeling of suffocating anticipation. By what degrees the revelation came she had never known. Those first days were perfect days, if ever there were perfect days. The rich autumnal glow over all the world; the soft, gray days when the rain fell; the warm, intoxicating, full, ripe days,—all were beautiful. The buildings, in their largeness, argued an above-littleness in everything. The lake sparkled and rippled and murmured, the wind and the hills encircled her with promise, with hope—a hope for a realization of those dear, years-old dreams. The people seemed strange; that was but natural. There was, however, no loneliness, no inner, unconfessed disappointment as yet.

Now, could she ever forget that "June the Second" day? It was the end of her second and last year; she was telling everything good-by, in her heart. The place was still ideal, more beautiful than ever then, in its vivid, fresh, green life. Yes, the place had been undisappointing. Throughout other changes, it had taken on added charm; its realization had grown dearer with nearness.

And the faculty? The intellect was there, the varied experience was there, but to her the latter seemed folded upon itself,—not self-centered, but unused. Its several members seemed like a ring of little islands, encircling a wee pond in a mighty sea. In their midst was a bit of land, shifting and changing its coast with the years. With one another or with this the surrounding islands had little or no intercourse. Once in a great while it happened that a ship from the busy world signaled to one of the outer group, or messages were interchanged between some point of the center land and one of the surrounding circle. Beyond these occasional instances there was no evidence of ties of any character, linking together island and world, island and island, or island and inner land.

Why should she bother? She had been attended to. She had been advised in the hard places. "Oh! but the others, the lonely, longing others! I don't care for myself. I've always been cared for. But why should I be favored and they left to fight alone? It isn't right! It isn't right! They don't know what to do, nor how to learn to do." She wanted to take a stick and stir up the little pond and make things mix and touch each other. She wanted more ships to pass, and she wanted both islands and inner land to know more of each other and of the busy world. It was hard, she knew. Why should people care for, or help closely, others who came and were gone almost before their presence was known. And yet the pity of it all, for those who missed and longed for a cordial, helpful relationship with older women.

The students? In a measure that dream had been realized. She had known a few well, others in a pleasant, congenial way. People helped one another when it was possible, went out of their way when it was consistent with work and strength; no more could be asked. A democratic spirit prevailed. A girl in the end was usually esteemed for what she really was, not for what she had, nor what she did. Mistakes were often made, but then, that happens everywhere. At times she grew tired of it all; people seemed narrow, small, wrapped up in one thing, sunk in one rut. But outside interests would alter that, as they would the loss of perspective and of a sense of proportion so often apparent. The metal surely had the right ring. She felt that at heart unselfishness characterized the many, thoughtlessness the few.

And lastly, how had the purpose survived? "To know" had at first been her one aim. "To live" was now her goal. She had had her modicum of success, often she had seemingly failed. But where once her failures would have been unbearable, they now appeared in the light of aids to progress. They indexed future plans, they pointed out new and better ways. How one was regarded, on the whole, mattered little. If one did one's best, constantly and conscientiously, if one got what one would not lose for worlds after the college life were left behind, it was of little moment whether one were thought to have succeeded or to have failed.

She had, comparatively speaking, learned few facts; she had completed not one of the many subjects she had formerly so fondly hoped to master.

She had, on the other hand, learned the exceedingly small part books, in and by themselves, play in life. She had learned to account living for others, in its highest sense, of infinitely more value than a mere acquirement of knowledge. As she had bidden it all good-by that "June the Second," she had realized that the sheltered college life, though beautiful, was not the "all-in-all." But she had also realized its significance in preparation for a broader life. Its happiness was to be held in memory to season darker hours, its disappointments were to be forgotten.

M. O. Malone.

REBELS.

Just one year before the Confederate flag was raised over the South, the master of West End left forever his Colonial home. It was a terrible time to live, but worse still to die; Mr. Leigh said this over and over to himself as rumors of the political struggles reached him on his bed. But no earthly physician could make him well enough to sit in the legislature again, and so he died.

Things on the plantation apparently went on the same without him. For a whole year he had been gone now, and the slaves sang just as loudly in the fields and gardens, the produce vessels went to Baltimore on the same days, and the same little humming bird built her nest in his favorite mimosa tree. If she chirped a little more plaintively this summer, it was only noticed by a dark-eyed woman whose room overlooked the tiny swinging home.

In the big dining room a boy of eighteen had slipped into his father's place at the table. The rest of the family was, in number, three—a woman of a little over fifty who sat opposite her son, a girl of twenty-two with auburn hair and dreamy brown eyes, and a child of twelve,—a child whose sunny curls seemed hardly able to resist falling into her wide-open blue eyes. They were eyes that always laughed, always sparkled, except perhaps when she smoothed the ruffles of her tiny black silk apron. There was such an open-hearted, inviting expression about her little face that no one could help loving and petting her. She loved everybody, but no one quite so much as her big brother, Custis Leigh.

At last spread the long-awaited but dreadful news that the war had really begun. Only one glance at her son, as he breathlessly read the Richmond paper, decided Mrs. Leigh. A week later she and the boy were on their way to Davis Military Academy, North Carolina. It had been a flying

trip for both of them. Mrs. Leigh had made useless visits to the Virginia Military Institute and Blacksburg, which were both crowded. Her son,—well, he had been seen four separate times riding along the road to Nan Martin's—that's all!

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For two years and a half all the music of old Virginia had been drowned by the thundering bass notes of war. For two years and a half the family at West End had managed to live, notwithstanding the impudence of the slaves, the bare storehouses, and occasional Yankee visitors. For two years and a half Mrs. Leigh had dreaded just what she was sure had happened now. Up the broad, gravel walk with rapid, running strides came Custis Leigh.

"My son!"

"Mother, they are drafting the boys, and I came home to join our own company."

. . . . . .

'Twas November. The boys were at home on a furlough—a ten days' furlough. All the years of sorrow seemed forgotten in the merrymaking of those ten short days. Such dances, and fox hunts, and candy pulls! Such games, and laughing, and singing the war songs the boys had brought! Surely it must have been a mistake, all that the papers said about Abolitionist parties, and John Brown, and the war. What could they have to do with such things? Ah! those suits of gray worn so proudly—what connecting links they were!

Only one more glorious day and they would have to be off again at daybreak. The event of the last evening was an oyster roast at the Leighs'. The chairs were moved back and the rugs taken up in the great dining room. Old Uncle Ned and his son, Pete, played such tunes on the fiddle and banjo that nothing human could hear and be still. All the place was alive, for while "de white folks" danced in the house, a steady shuffling and giggling was heard in the kitchen.

To rest the musicians the gay party finally flocked to the piano. The sad war songs rang out without a quiver. While his sister Adelaide sang "Who will Care for Mother Now?" Custis crept away to his mother's room. He found her thrown down on her couch. He dropped down on one knee and took her little trembling hand.

"Who will care for you, mother dear, if I shouldn't come back?"

Her voice grew almost fierce with anguish.

"O my boy," she cried, "if this should come upon me, no living thing could comfort me!"

The music was over, and Aunt Caroline's dusky face had appeared at the parlor door—Aunt Caroline, who had been the family cook for years, and was never more delighted than when West End was celebrating a party of some kind. Blessed soul! She scorned emancipation, and no freeing of the slaves has ever changed her position in the household. Down to the old kitchen they dashed at her summons. There, in the middle of the red-brick floor, was a large table, spread with linen from the dining room. An immense silver candelabrum in the center lighted the room. There were hot-house plants at each end and tiny bouquets by the plates. The supper, too, was as dainty as Aunt Caroline's skill could make it. But the main feature, after all, was the oysters roasted in their shells in the wide-mouthed chimney. Two little darkies aged twelve and thirteen—they didn't know it themselves—heaped the oysters in the glowing ashes, and, when they popped, opened them quickly. Two maids waited at their elbows with steaming platters covered with drawn butter sauce. The butler hovered over the table ready to move at a glance.

After supper was over the young people still stayed in the bright kitchen, and unconsciously grouped themselves into pretty pictures in the flickering light. If such pictures could only last! But most of them fade away or vanish in a single moment. Although Custis and Nan Martin had chosen a somber corner, little Elizabeth had found them, and, with teasing eyes, was begging for "just one more battle story, Custie." Stuart Randolph, Custis's best friend, was just about to steal Adelaide's tiny lace handkerchief. Suddenly old Ben, the lord of the stables, banged open the door, and wildly brandishing his riding whip shouted, "De Yankees is comin'! Fo' Gawd! I seen 'em when I was comin' ober frum Cun'l Land's. Hurry and git to de stables, quick!"

In five minutes the frightened girls sat around Mrs. Leigh in the parlor. The Yankees did come, and they did search, but they did not remember that stables have a place on most Colonial estates, and that stables are good hiding places.

So they were gone. Only a hasty kiss to his mother and sisters, and a hand pressure that meant worlds to—Caroline?—and Custis Leigh was off to war again.

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In a fashionable part of Richmond lives Stuart Randolph. He married, not Adelaide Leigh, who is Mrs. Lee, now, but little Elizabeth. Three children play in the large nursery,—Elizabeth, Stuart, and baby Custis, aged four.

Every year a certain day in November is spent at West End, and oysters are roasted in the old kitchen. Always present at these reunions is a pale, beautiful woman with a pensive mouth. She is very fond of Mrs. Randolph's children, who call her "Auntie Nan." Little Custis is her favorite, however. They play games by the hour in the big kitchen. He loves her very dearly, but one thing about her he cannot understand,—she will never play soldiers with him.

MARGARET E. STARR.

DARKY SUPERSTITION.

"'WAY down South" is generally considered—and rightly so—the unconventional portion of the United States. In that region we find, not the straight, stiff tracing of new customs and new education, but the indolently graceful outlines of a life which has changed but little, in its fundamental precepts, as the years have passed. In a country where summer is long and lazy, where one breathes in procrastination with the very air of heaven, where people still take time to live, it is small wonder that we find many loiterers whom the rapid stride of nineteenth century progress has left far behind. Here, at least, one may still find not only ante-bellum gallantry and hospitality, but also remains of old, old superstitions, long since forgotten by the rest of the world.

They tell us that ignorance is the mother of superstition. The darkies are the ignorant people of the South; therefore, in order to study superstition in its most interesting phases, we turn naturally to these people. Even the modern darky has a strong belief in the supernatural; but while he trembles at stories of "sperits an' ha'nts," he is, at the same time, a little ashamed of his own weakness. The old-timey negro, however, never con-

siders this element in his make-up a weakness at all; he will tell you ghost stories—nearly always personal reminiscences—with as much feeling and sincerity as he will describe "de good ole times" and "de war what freed de niggers." To him the powers of the air are real, and should be invited or repelled according to the dictates of tradition.

Perhaps the numberless darky "signs" derive their especial interest from the very fact that they are so peculiarly significant to this people. If the old negro cook drops her dishcloth, she begins to wonder what she has in the pantry worthy of the company coming. If a dog howls at dead of night, particularly, near by, the darky soul is filled with dire foreboding. If a little bird flies through an open window and alights in the room, the house girl immediately begins to wonder whose sudden demise is thus presaged. So it is through countless other omens. To the darkies they are not signs, but prophecies of good or ill.

These people, however, are not mere passive victims of the fate their signs foretell. The wearing of a "charm," they think, will turn aside the very darkest ill luck. Peeping from the ragged collar round many a black neck, is visible a bit of soiled string; to this, you may be sure, is appended some good-luck piece. It may be only a bit of coin, it may be a tiny bag of pulverized herbs, or some curiosity found under peculiarly auspicious circumstances,—whatever the charm, it possesses for the black wearer a power and value not easily computed.

One of the most powerful charms a darky can possess—but one not worn about the neck—is a rabbit foot. This luck-piece holds proud and undisputed sway in the possessor's pocket. To be a really lucky rabbit foot, the modern darky will tell you that it must be the left hind foot of the rabbit. To this statement the ante-bellum darky adds indignant conditions. He has been brought up to believe that a rabbit foot is "no 'count" that isn't obtained in the proper way. You must go to the "graveyard" on a pitch-dark night, seize the rabbit just in the act of leaping a grave, and then cut off his left hind foot. You understand, of course, that no darky on earth could be persuaded near a cemetery on any kind of a night; and that even if in some unaccountable fit of daring he got so far on a dark night he couldn't see anything, certainly not a rabbit. Nevertheless, these people firmly believe that there are in existence plenty of rabbit feet obtained in just such

a way. They will acknowledge that they themselves never got one thus, but they know people who know other people who have performed the feat.

As everybody knows, darkies are great fishermen. They are regular "Rip van Winkles" when it comes to enjoying a day spent sitting sleepily by some lazy creek. They seem to care little enough whether such a day leaves them with tangible results or not. Of one thing they are sure: if they catch nothing, it is not the fault of the fishermen, but of the fish. They are positive of this, for each time they bait their hook they carefully spit upon it, and on no account do they allow their own pole to cross the pole of another angler. After such painstaking on their part, they can't be responsible for a lack of attention on the part of the fish.

This same principle of no-crossing, by the way, has, with them, another interesting application. After a darky once "gets religion," his dancing days are at an end; he can never more dance even "clogs." The sin lies, he will tell you, not in the dancing, but in the fact that he can't dance without crossing his feet. Several summers ago we took with us, on a camp hunt, a negro clog-dancer. Every evening this darky would amuse us for an hour or more by singing and dancing before the camp fire. Finally he turned, one evening, to the negro boy patting time, and said, "John, can't *chew* dance?" John instantly replied, "You know I can', Bill; I done jine de chu'ch." "Dat ain' no matter," returned Bill, "ef yer don' cross yer feet." So John took his turn at dancing; but he didn't really enjoy it, because just in the middle of some remarkably fantastic figure Bill would stop him by exclaiming, "Da now! Ain't cher done cross yer feet den?"

Darkies nearly always have a "mizry" somewhere about them, for the cure of which they are continually taking medicine. Drugs, however, are not always essential for their relief. The darky afflicted with a wart or a sty pricks the part affected until he obtains a blood stain on a bit of cloth, retires to the juncture of two or more roads, drops the cloth, repeats a charm, turns three times, and walks off backward looking over his left shoulder. One of these charms escapes my memory, but the other runs thus:—

"Sty, sty, leave my eye;
Take the nex' one 't passes by."

It seems fortunate for the cure of these two minor ills that it is not delayed until some one "'t passes by" picks up the folded cloth; for a

darky is rather careful about taking possession of queer-looking packages found along the road, especially if he has a known enemy,—and he generally has. He is afraid of being "cunjered." The blacks think that an ill-disposed person has the power to breathe into the most innocent-looking parcel a most formidable spirit of malevolence for the person who picks it up. This spirit of evil and its effect they call "cunjer." They have a cure, however, even for "cunjer." No matter how badly affected a darky may be, if he will only wear shucks in his shoes for several weeks he can remove the evil spell.

The best-known weakness of darky character is, however, their belief in "sperits an' ha'nts." They believe that the spirits of the departed return to this earth in various guises. Last summer a grizzled old black man told us about a Mississippi "ha'nt" which assumes the form of a wild turkey. It seems that a certain miser of that section buried his money and died; of course people have found out about the treasure—as people always do—and have often tried to find it. But every time anybody gets near the right spot, up flies this same wild turkey, "An' it can' never be shot. *I* done give up lookin' fur dat money." Some darkies claim the power of calling up "ghoses" at will. I know an old colored preacher who affirms, with convincing sincerity, that he has often seen "sperits" in the middle of the day. One day he was going along an old country road with a black boy, when he saw "a ha'nt comin' straight down de middle o' de big road" toward them. The boy, though implored to come to the side of the road, insisted upon staying in the middle, because "he ain' see nutt'n'." So the ghost passed *right through* that boy. In a few minutes the young fellow exclaimed, "'Thaniel, whut chew hit me fur?" "I ain' hit cher," said Nathaniel. "Nes, yer did," said the boy, "right her' on de side de haid." Three times he complained thus, and after the third time Nathaniel understood. "An' I ain' know how 'tis, but de nex' week dat boy died, an' he ain' never know yit tain' me 't hit 'im. Maybe 'twan' dat ghos', but ef it ain', den I ain' know whut 'tis."

"I ain' know whut 'tis." We might take these words as the key-note of all the darky fancies,—the inbred belief in the supernatural, which is so prominent a characteristic of the negroes in the South.

JESSIE E. WAGNER, '99.

ALYSOUN.

[*From the Old English.*]

I.

Between the March and April days
When sprays begin to spring,
And every little bird her lays
In her own tongue doth sing,
Then live I deep in love-longing,—
Aye yearning for the sweetest thing
That bliss to me may bring.
Sway o'er me hath she won.
A happy chance hath fall'n to me;
I trow it must from heaven be:
From other loves my heart is free,
And given to Alysoun.

II.

Black eyes and forehead dark hath she;
Her hair is beautiful of hue.
With winsome cheer she smiled on me,
With lissome form and fair to view.
But if in vain to her I sue
That I might be her lover true,
By death I will her pity woo:
My life will be fordone.
A happy chance hath fall'n to me;
I trow it must from heaven be:
From other loves my heart is free,
And given to Alysoun.

JULIA D. RANDALL, '97.

A RED CARNATION.

THE 7.45 train on a sunny June morning was, as was to be expected, warm and uncomfortable. I grumbled inwardly, though somewhat consoled by the contemptible feeling that everybody else in the car was just as miserable as I. True, two children staring wide-eyed over the back of a grimy seat looked blissfully content; but they had not traveled this route morning and evening for years.

Slowly we were rumbled along toward the city, stopping at each little station to pick up those whom stern duty and prosaic prospects of bread and butter beckoned from the serene village homes. When the conductor, sticking his reluctant head within the door, mumbled "Jermyn," several of us almost involuntarily looked up from our morning papers for a familiar figure. A little later than usual the man strode hurriedly across the platform. He took the red carnation thrust into his hand by the black-eyed flower boy, and tossing back a nickel jumped aboard the already moving train. It was a picture which had greeted our eyes each morning through the long winter and spring. Now, busy and preoccupied men though we were, we looked forward to it.

A man not like most of us; heat and cold, storm and sunshine seemed alike to his taste. He wore always the same kindly face, with merry eyes and a winning mouth. It was a mouth which looked eager to cry, "Men, isn't this a wonderful, perfect world?" With his tall, broad-shouldered figure, neatly dressed, and the bright flower caught through his buttonhole, he was truly a goodly thing to look upon. He always wore a red carnation just as he always wore his buttonhole.

As he jumped whistling from the train that morning I thanked him in my heart, and then, restored to a good humor, went my way.

. . . . . .

It was July, but evening, and riding toward home I leaned listlessly against the cushioned seat. As the engine with a moan stopped to rid itself of one more living burden, the earnest conversation of two men floated to me from across the aisle. Their trim cases labeled them physicians. "Yes," said the elder to his young friend, "it was an interesting case and the operation magnificent, but the child was weak, and faded away before the intense heat. He made a grand struggle for life, but we could not save him. It is unspeakably sad, for the father and mother were wrapped up in their son, and——" Then the train rumbled on, and I heard no more.

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The rain was pouring down from an oppressive gray sky as we drew up into Jermyn two mornings later. For a week I had not seen my blithe, unknown friend with his red carnation, but this morning he walked slowly toward the car. The little Italian, glad at the unexpected sight of his old

friend, bounded forward with his basket. As the man pushed back the entreating red posy there came over the boy's sunny face a hurt look. It quickly faded away, however, as the trembling hand, which dropped the usual dingy coin, rested a moment on his curly head. Then with a faint smile, like sunshine struggling through the gloomy cloud, the sad-faced man came in to his old seat.

The black band wound carefully around his hat told a pathetic little tale.

AUGUSTA PRATT FORDHAM, '98.

SKETCHES.

HERE.

SHE was a quiet little creature. Her head drooped shyly, and she glanced up at you with a look which impressed some people as being tiresomely meek; others as pathetically timid. Even in her senior year she had not learned to hold her head up and "look the whole world in the face." No one ever suspected her of being pretty until one night she wore a pink gown to a class social. Her cheeks were delicately flushed just the color of her gown, and for some reason—perhaps the consciousness of looking well—she held her head up straight. She made quite a little sensation, and several friendly girls told her how pretty she was looking. She even tried to dance a little, and her cheeks matched the pink gown all evening. But the next day her head drooped more than ever, as if she were painfully conscious of her unwonted gayety of the night before, and the pretty color had vanished as if put away with the pink gown. She had crept back into her shell.

As we sat waiting for the last number of the concert, I turned to my friend with the wise question whether after all music is not the most satisfying of the arts. She did not answer; she was looking at some one who sat opposite us on the side. I looked too, and saw a girl with a beautifully shaped head crowned with close braids of heavy black hair, strong facial outlines softened by vivid, exquisite coloring, and large brown eyes whose pensiveness, perhaps, explained the just perceptible droop of the lips. "She looks like a girl in a book," I said. "Yes; she would be an ideal Maggie Tulliver," Rachel answered. As the opening chords of the serenade

sounded, "I wonder if she sings," I whispered. "She ought to, with that face." Rachel smiled. "She ought just to live," she said earnestly.

I was just dropping off to sleep when my thoughts were recalled by a voice in the next room.

"Yes, the manuscript lay in the editor's desk for a year," were the first words which reached my consciousness. "Then a new editor came and read it. He saw at once what wonderful genius there was in it, and so 'Lucile' was published."

"Don't you love to read?" the voice went on in an eager, breathless rapidity. "It makes me almost ill sometimes to think I can't read all the things that ever were written." I groaned, but continued to listen. "I think I like short stories and poems better than novels; they're so much more telling. Sometimes I think I'll go down to the library some day and take out all the magazines for the last twenty years and read every short story in them. O, did you ever read 'The Loves of the Angels'? I admire Lalla Rookh; but the 'Loves of the Angels' is perfectly lovely!" with vivid emphasis. Hereupon the ten o'clock bell rang, and the voice betook itself to the corridor, where I heard it trailing off into distance, and, finally, silence.

THERE.

They two walked along the sea wall in the clear, pale light of a closing winter afternoon. She was looking at a white-winged ship sailing swiftly down the harbor, but he looked at her tall, slight young figure. The sharp salt air blew in briskly from the sea, and she turned her face toward it with a deep breath of satisfaction. He watched the breeze lift the brown curls off her forehead and bring the clear color to her cheek. When they came to the end of the wall he stopped. "I ask you just this once more, Margaret," he said; "shall I find you waiting when I come back from this cruise?" For a moment she silently watched the ship still flying fast before the wind. Then she turned to him with an inscrutable little smile. "The wind is changing," she said; "shall we go in?"

He was a young English midshipman just come to Boston from New York, and we were waltzing together at the officers' ball.

"How do you like the United States?" I asked.

"Oh, chawmed; and do you know, I think I like Boston better than New York."

"Yes? And did you say the same sort of thing about New York to the girls you met there?" His blank eyes manifested a quite English appreciation of my mild joke, so I hastened to add,—

"But your compliments to Boston do not appeal to me, for I live in Ohio." Then, at the risk of rudeness, I went on,—

"I've heard so much of English ideas in regard to American geography, would you mind telling me if you know where Ohio is?"

"O, I've heard of it, I'm sure," with an expression of interest.

"But do you know where it is?" I persisted.

"Well, really, I'm not quite sure. I think it's on the Mississippi, on the left bank going down."

I gasped. "What *do* you think it is?" I finally managed to ask.

"Why, it's a town, isn't it?"

After I had imparted a few useful facts in regard to my native State, he remarked ingenuously,—

"Why, do you know, I've picked up a good many little things since I came here."

E. L., '96.

WHY HE LIKED HER.

"You don't really like her," I said incredulously.

"Well," remarked my brother, hesitatingly, "she came out to the university with a friend last winter, and I showed her around. We had an awfully jolly time. I enjoyed it hugely, and I thought she was a pretty nice girl."

"Indeed!" I remarked contemptuously.

"Afterwards," he continued, with an odd mixture of amusement and shamefacedness, "I tried to think what she had said that was so pleasant and,—well," desperately, "to be frank, I couldn't think of a blessed thing. But she had giggled at everything I said, and that sort of thing makes a fellow feel in a good humor with himself, you know, and—well, I suppose that's why I liked her."

M. A. D., '96.

CORRESPONDENTS.

"WHERE, oh where, are the staid alumnæ?" Every month, to be sure, a stray address or two creeps into the alumnæ notes in the Magazine. But such scattered items after all mean very little. It is the people one meets and the things one is doing that makes life interesting, for others as well as for one's self.

So we come to you with an appeal, with a request, with an invitation. If you have ever been a part of the Wellesley life and have left "to make other arrangements,"—if you have gone out from your completed course "to minister,"—if you are connected by any pleasant recollections, by any bond of loyalty with Wellesley, send us something! Tell us of teaching in a New England village, of Parisian life in the Latin quarter. Give us a glimpse of work among the Southern negroes, or of university life in Cambridge or in Göttingen. Tell us of business, of society, of "making home happy." We want the touch of your larger life on ours. We want the sunshine and the color that Wellesley girls all over the world are finding.

Every month, then, we shall look for letters, for sketches, more and less informal, from the Wellesley colonists. It is ours to go to the post office, yours to send the letters.

This time a bit from Germany has come to us.—

IN HILDESHEIM.

HILDESHEIM, in the experience of the summer sojourner, is a city of children and churches. The children, like the churches, rejoice in an appearance of age and historic dirt. They retain a truly mediæval spirit also in their feeling for feuds. In short, there is nothing modern about them, except an occasional attack of the spirit of scientific investigation. Then they display research methods of such unexpected and alarming thoroughness, that the hapless nineteenth century American trembles for her shoes and shirt waists. If there is anything in Hildesheim that is not poetic, it is the children, although it is obvious that they secretly feel this lack in themselves deeply.

They endeavor conscientiously to remedy it according to their lights, never refusing to enliven a passing sightseer with their favorite bit of verse, declaimed loudly, and with feeling,

Engländerin, Engländerin,
Geld Verschwenderin!

Not a sustained effort, indeed, but suggestive; and in these days laureates themselves need write but scanty scraps of rhyme.

The churches of Hildesheim, however, have no lack of poetry and romance. Each one has its heart of history, its veins of legend and tradition. But the cathedral, the wonderful old cathedral, standing in the peaceful Domhof with its beautiful old trees and worn, moss-grown stones, was born of a legend. Once upon a time, a great many hundreds of years ago, a beautiful and wonderful thing happened. The Queen of Heaven appeared to a young priest, and sent, fluttering down upon him, as he knelt before her, a soft, shining snowstorm of little leaves. When she had gone he gathered the little white leaves, and lo! they fitted together, and drawn thereon was a grand and mighty cathedral. The young priest's name was Bernward, and he kept the little white leaves of the snowstorm ever by him, and built the cathedral as they showed him that it should be. And he built many churches, and became a holy bishop and a father of good. And this is a true story; for can one not see to-day, in the great hall of the Rathhaus, the Queen of Heaven herself, with her bright crown and her gracious smile, above there in the blue sky and white clouds, sending down the fluttering flakes with their message to the kneeling one below?

So it comes that the worship of the glory and benignity of the Queen of Heaven pervades the atmosphere of the cathedral, like the morning offering of incense. The figure of a priest kneeling on the steps of the altar in the little Lady Chapel at the right, seemed always in perfect harmony. As we went day after day to sit awhile in some dark corner, we became ourselves imbued with the mysticism and devoutness of the place. We strayed about, wondering at the ancient carved font, or at the great bronze doors made by the same good Bishop Bernward, a thousand years ago, from which the heads of Biblical personages hang off in a way calculated to make a sympathetic neck feel most uncomfortable. We wondered at the curious old candelabrum that hangs in the nave. Once it was very elaborate, but now

with its empty little doors, where the apostles used to stand before the Thirty Years' War came along and drove them away, it looks like a circle of small barometer houses, when the weather is so very bad that the politely warning lady and gentleman have both gone in.

We almost always saw our priest on the altar steps. But if we missed him there, we never failed to find him pacing the gray cloisters, or wandering in the cloister garden, where the woodbine, now in the passionate glory of its death, embraced the arches, the tiny stone chapel in the center of the court, and the crosses of the priests who lie buried there. Then we came to know what it was for which he longed and prayed at the altar, in the cloister, in the garden. The sacristan told us with a curious little note in his voice, at once affectionate, apologetic, and quaintly proud, that this holy brother was a seer of visions. He felt that he was to be a builder of churches, a doer of miraculous deeds. He, like Bernward of old, would be shown the heavenly direction and plan. And so for long years he had led a life of prayer, and repentance, and fasting, that he might be fit when the Queen of Heaven should appear to him. And the eyes of his soul became weary and worn with watching for her. He went sometimes and stood before the picture in the great hall of the Rathhaus, and looked until he could almost feel the first white flake touching his own head, until he dreamed his waiting was over.

. . . . . .

Three months later we crossed again the peaceful Domhof, and entered with a sense of familiar homecoming the little stone vestibule with its worn praying bench. We wandered at last into the cloisters and the garden. There was no glory of woodbine, but the austere beauty of winter. In the row of priests' graves there was a new cross at the end. We knew now why we had missed our priest from altar, cloister, and crypt.

We turned back as we passed out of the garden under the gray arches. Soft, white flakes from heaven were fluttering down upon the fresh mound. His waiting was over.

EMILIE WHEATON PORTER.

GÖTTINGEN, GERMANY, February, 1896.

EDITORIALS.

I.

To ye Editorial Board of Ninety-Six, Thanks :—

Your cheery words of greeting and encouragement fell gratefully on our little ears, new to the title of Editorial Board. Far be it from us to underestimate the value of good advice—to the one who gives it. Credit us with all possible appreciation of the conservative spirit that preserves a custom from generation to generation; and then accept our most heartfelt thanks for turning your back on precedent, and omitting the advice, in your words of greeting. Warning drawn from experience would have been good; encouragement was better, and, we think, more needed. Difficulties to come we had already presaged; dimly, to be sure, but with features all the more formidable, perhaps, for their vagueness. Did you realize you could do for us little in addition along that line? But though we had trusted in our genuine interest in the work to sustain us through the trials of the editorial career, novices could not have foretold the large "cheer and compensation" from kindly laity which you described to us. Surely some happy spirit whispered you, instead of depressing us with your warnings, to help us by telling us of encouragements which only you of the sanctum could know. We were not aware of the existence in the editorial world of "unexpected windfalls," and articles "three days early," and the "pleasant thud" of final proofs. It was kindly thought of you to tell us. True, we should have found it out in time; but anticipation is as good as surprise, and lasts longer. To you belongs the credit of being the first Magazine board to discover this fact and act upon it. Yes, it was a comfort to be started on our untried journey with a sandwich instead of a tract. And for your genial courtesy we thank you.

Cordial congratulations, too, we bring you, Board of Ninety-Six. It means a great deal to have stored up from a year's experience sunshine enough to warm other hearts as well as one's own. We offer congratulations on all that editorial experience has meant to you. And, finally, we congratulate you on the completion of your nine months' work, the release

from responsibility, and the present freedom to call your souls your own. We have known an old woman who said, "A good solid sickness was worth while, just to have the blessed experience of getting over it."

And now, our hearty good wishes! May the blessing of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob be upon you!

II.

It is with pleasure that we print the following notice received from the Secretary's office. Students and alumnæ alike will welcome this addition to the College Calendar:—

WELLESLEY COLLEGE ASSOCIATIONS AND CLUBS.

It is considered desirable to publish yearly in the College Calendar a list of the Wellesley College Associations and Clubs, with the names and addresses of the President and Secretary of each. The Secretary of each Association or Club is requested to send the desired information to Mary Caswell, Wellesley College, before May 15.

III.

Sacred to the Memory of the Annual Editorial on Spring.

IV.

"Would it be treading on the grave of the Spring editorial to write something about the birds we have seen?" "we" asked of another one of "us." "Would an editorial on spring hats be an editorial on spring?" she answered. So we drew the quill from behind our ear and wrote. On the fourteenth of March we heard our first robin—in the Durant rhododendrons by the lake. Others probably had heard them earlier. Next morning we saw six, and since then they have been as common as bicycles. The song sparrow by the farmhouse tuned up a week before vacation, and all the others are singing now. For those unfamiliar with their song, this is the time to learn it; for the jays, who screamed all winter, have been very quiet for the past month, and other birds, except the robin, have not begun to sing much yet. The song sparrow has it to himself all day, and his notes are always in the air. At sundown he is hushed, and the robins, far apart from each other in the treetops, begin their tender twilight hymn. Every night you can hear them now, until the darkness has quite fallen. But during the day they only call and chuckle. The woodpecker on the Art Building hill has been springing his rattle ever since the song sparrow struck up in the bush. Red-winged blackbirds are clipping along the lake again, and reeling off their strange, liquid "burr-r-r" from the swaying tips of the willows on the water's edge. "Pewee!" for weeks the lonely phœbe has been calling. Bluebirds have come. The rusty blackbird and yellow, red-polled warbler complete the list of spring birds proper seen about here. We have seen the little gray snowbirds in great numbers, and a good many plump pine grosbeaks; but they are just passing through, mere drummer-birds in Wellesley. The English sparrow, of course, is ever with us. But he recognized the presence of spring earlier than we; for before we could discern any buds on the twigs, he was biting the ends off, showing plainly enough that the buds were there.

V.

A Free Press article in this issue comments on the lack of "social functions," so to speak, among friends, and suggests having little parties of one sort or another in our rooms with spirits congenial. That is a good plan for those who can afford it. But a great many of the students cannot

indulge in the luxury of even simple "spreads." One may say it costs only a trifle. But it would be daring to offer to six friends, say, as a substitute for a meal, something that cost, all told, less than a dollar. They could hardly be sustained, as becomes one's hospitality, under sixteen and two-thirds cents apiece. "Give them some other entertainment, then—that costs nothing." But this usually means a good deal of time and trouble beforehand—an expenditure as costly as money. There is a large body among us for whom such a plan is not feasible. To the majority of these girls it seems to us that College offers nothing of a social nature except informal calls and walks with friends, the privilege of one or two concert guests during the year, the class socials, and perhaps an annual society open meeting or dance. They are not themselves members of societies, nor prominent in college life, nor able to provide themselves with the pleasures that plenty of clothes and ease in spending make possible. Would it be practicable, with our already existing societies, to have some sort of social organization which could include everybody, and give these girls more of stirring good times?

At Radcliffe there is a great club, the "Idler," to which everyone can belong who pays a dollar a year; and everyone does belong. It is a purely social body. Meetings are fortnightly. Some entertainment is always given—such as a play, or shadow pantomime, or charades. One of the latest was a mock trial. This entertainment is got up by the social committee, appointed new by the president for each occasion. Usually a girl serves only once on the committee in the course of her college life. Two "open meetings" are held yearly—receptions, to which outside friends are invited. Radcliffe students say the "Idler" is successful in giving everybody a pleasant time twice a month. They value it greatly. Indeed, without it, those with few friends in Cambridge would be nearly as poorly off as the majority of our students. Nearly, not quite; for they are near to Boston, and free to come and go, while we are not.

Smith has no such organization as the "Idler." But Smith has the "Junior Prom," or something equivalent, and the senior dances; and the students find friends among the citizens of Northampton. Moreover, each house is a unit of organization, with its elected student-president and vice president, responsible for order. Each student completes her whole college life

in the house she first entered, and this makes each building pretty thoroughly a working unit. The house has an entertainment during the year, and each year a play for the whole college is given, the houses taking turn in presenting the play. The two big, mutually exclusive societies at Smith are simply literary, not social. But there are any number of smaller clubs: some for work along special lines, as Biology, for instance, and some for pure sociability. A student may belong to as many of these as she is invited to and cares to join in forming.

Vassar divides what would be an "Idler" into three "Philolethian" Societies, Alpha, Beta, and Omega. Everybody belongs to one or the other, and each invites the other two to its entertainments. Admission is usually applied for. What the basis of division is, and how completely the students succeed in keeping the clique spirit out of the "Philolethians," we have not yet learned.

At each of these three colleges there is a chance for everybody. But social life at Wellesley seems to us to be congested in a sort of tutti-frutti aristocracy of societies. Outside of these, there is hardly any social life at all. Do these plans from other colleges offer any practicable suggestions for setting it in circulation among all the students?

VI.

One obstacle to the formation of a social organization in which we might all share is now being removed. Providence, in a shape often assumed on Wellesley grounds since last spring, is fitting up a room big enough to hold us all at once. This room is the old cow barn behind the stable, and invisible from the path in front of the greenhouse. The stable and the servants' dormitory form the south and east sides respectively of an inclosed rectangular courtyard. The cow barn and a smaller barn form the corresponding north and east sides. The barn is reached at present by crossing the court from the stable. When the repairs are finished, it will have in addition to this side entrance a main door, like the chapel doors, at the west end. The whole building is one long hall, with a little room, fitted up for a dressing room, opening off on the south side. The dimensions are 50 x 110 feet,—5,500 square feet of standing room. The gymnasium and the rectangle of

the chapel measure each 40 x 60 feet,—2,400 square feet of standing room. To the thirty-three lower windows and the five upper, thirteen upper windows have been added for light as well as air. The old plank floor has been taken up, and a new floor of plain spruce boards laid. This is not a dancing floor, —that cannot come just yet,—but it is a clean place for us to put cushions on for seats. The "girts," crossbeams running between the posts in the center about eight feet above the floor, have been removed. The dressing room is to be completely furnished.

For the present there are no arrangements for lighting or heating the building. But it is already a place, and the only one, where we can hold a mass meeting without crowding the door. It is big enough for indoor basket ball, for Tree Day rehearsals, for sheltering the Shakespeare Society and its friends when the rain descends and beats upon the play. What it shall finally become depends largely on what the students want. If we find we wish to use it at night, it will probably find a "providential" means of getting lighted. If we appear very active and restless while there, a dancing floor may be put in,—probably will be. It may become a bowling alley, or our new gymnasium. It is for us to show what it most needs to be.

VII.

May we say a few words about the Free Press for next month? We have in mind three subjects that are often spoken of among the students, and have been spoken of for at least two years. We wish earnestly that the students would write what they think about them. The first subject is: The loose screw somewhere in Wellesley life that causes us to cry out for some social change. The editorial column and the Free Press have each something to say about it this month. If the students feel interest in the subject, are conscious of stagnation somewhere and want to make a change, let the matter be taken up and discussed through the Free Press at once. It is no use to leave it until next fall, and the May issue is probably the last this year for which people will have time to write. The next subject is: The need for some place in College Hall where the village girls can wash their hands without going to friends' rooms. We do not forget that the college authorities know we need such a place, and would have liked to give it long ago. But we do

believe that if the faculty dressing room were not, and they had gone through our experiences as village girls, that we should have had a dressing room long ago. If some of the girls would tell through the Free Press what they have suffered, we believe the "cry of the children" would reach the maternal ear. Then we should find a dressing room ready in September. The third subject is: The need of age privilege, as well as class privilege, in the matter of registration for absences. We wish that not only seniors, juniors, third and fourth year specials (and sophomores, if the truth were told), but also all other students twenty years old, say, or nineteen, might have the privilege of registration. If every girl who has an opinion on these things, for or against, would write her mind, as well as speak it, the Free Press would count for something.

Articles for the May issue must be sent to the Magazine not later than April 27.

FREE PRESS.

I.

When the different colleges are being discussed, the point in which Wellesley is most often compared unfavorably with Smith and Vassar is its lack of social activity. If we admit that this charge is, to a certain extent, true, we ought to remember that of all aspects of our college life this is the one which is most fully in the hands of the students. When objections are made to the form of government or the curriculum, we are not able to remedy matters, but we certainly can do much to remove the reproach that we are a college of "grinds." And we are making it less true every year. We are beginning to realize the importance of the lighter and brighter side of college life, and are finding other ways of social enjoyment than long informal calls in the rooms of our bosom friends,—reluctant though we should be to give these up. This year we have been decidedly gay, with our receptions, open meetings, the Colonial Dance, and the Fudge Sale, besides the usual class socials. Still, there cannot be the sociability at these large functions that is the charm of smaller gatherings. The delightful personal relation of guest and hostess is almost entirely wanting. We attempt to gratify our hospitable instincts by asking a friend to take

dinner or go to walk with us, but there is a wide gap between such social attentions and the large parties in the gymnasium. I think our next move should be to fill this gap. There is no reason why we should not give small luncheons, teas, or card parties in our rooms. Even dinners are not beyond the reach of those who are skillful with the chafing dish. In this way we could entertain our friends, ten or twelve at a time, with something of the cozy hospitality of our own homes. It ought not to be said that we have no time for such things, for even the busiest of us spend more time each week strolling in the corridors and idling in each other's rooms than several such parties would consume. And the notes of invitation, giving just a pleasant touch of formality, would warn us to save up these moments for a pleasanter use.

G. C., '97.

II.

This was not said to us, but merely for our benefit, we being not yet alumnæ. It was merely a further effervescence of the kindly spirit of criticism in which our older sisters are indulging of late; a spirit which we cannot but believe to be inspired by the truest and most charitable motives. We arrived upon the scene of the conversation too late to hear the origin of the discussion, but in time to learn that the speakers were both emphatically of the same opinion as to the point in question,—that the Wellesley girl, though not lacking in individuality as compared with the outside world, shares it to a woeful extent with her college mates, that the stamp of their common life is set indelibly upon them. As one of the group tersely expressed it, "Any one could tell one a block away." Not so much importance, however, was laid upon the tendency to similarity in external appearance, as upon their common attitude toward "The Great Questions of Life." From the statements of these, our older sisters, we regard it with a seriousness and a solemnity which exerts no small influence over the character of the atmosphere with which we are surrounded in our Alma Mater, introducing into what ought to be a hearty, healthy, and active little world no small degree of complexity of thought and personal relations. The terse young woman gave it as her opinion that the cause of it all lay in the necessary similarity in diet

and surroundings. This was a welcome thought. Probably no one of us, even as early as the end of her Freshman year, has failed to realize with a bewildering certainty that her previously simple, interested, natural way of taking things and people seems to be quite out of place. It doesn't work; why, she doesn't know. With the beginning of her Sophomore year she begins to learn. If she is particularly obtuse or impervious to outward influence, she may cling to her old ideas and pull "out of it" in the majority of our modern conversations. If she is caught up by the spirit of the times, she sees with blushing acuteness how immature and incomprehensive have been her views on such vital questions as, "Why do we live?" "Why do we love?" "Is anything worth while?" "Have I a real friend?" "How much sugar to one of milk?" 'Tis not that one blames the youthful mind for relaxation from hard work by uncollegiate thought; but if one could only turn that thought out of these trains and into such trains as "What can I do to be saved?" or "Why did they call me Susan?" or "How old shall I be next year?" the benefit might be incalculable. But the pioneers of new thought in this, as in previous generations, are martyrs to the cause. They are silenced by an indignant wave of a fudge spoon or a pitying glance, and their saddened minds trail disconsolately over the field of possible solutions for such a problem in the higher education of women. Is it possible that one must live through it all before one can hope to solve it? and is this suggestion of one of our invaluable advisory board of elder sisters an attempt at the solution? Diet? Food? Attribute such an influence to anything so physically, mentally, morally invigorating as the festive board at the Main Building! Then we think of our stew and canned apricots, and begin to see the point. But there it ends.

I. B. S., '98.

III.

Every graduate who comes back to Wellesley after an absence of several years must be impressed with the growth of our College in intellectual life and vigor. She must grant that the present system of allowing freedom for individual thought and investigation is vastly superior to the old. Yet in the effect which these advantages have upon the students as a whole she finds room for disappointment. There is something the College used to pos-

sess which it lacks to-day. This is not a tangible substance,—an atmosphere, rather,—something invisible, yet strongly felt. It was a spirit of sweetness, of gentleness, of good manners that come from the heart. It pervaded our corridors, library, and class room.

But to-day the atmosphere is cold toward one outside the pale of class or society. Let such an one go into a class made up of Seniors and Juniors. Ought she not to expect, after days and weeks of intercouse, to receive at least a smile of recognition from the regular members of the class?

We used to hear about the "Wellesley Spirit." It was what characterized the girls wherever they went. If the students to-day do not understand what that means, they have only to go to a certain school preparatory to Wellesley to meet it in bodily form. It may be but a smile or a gentle "Excuse me," but the impression is indelibly stamped upon the mind of the stranger or guest that there is to be found that perfection of good manners which springs from the heart. What must have been the feeling of our distinguished guest who came to speak to us not long since! Can she testify to the good breeding and thoughtfulness of our students when, in the course of her lecture, fifty at least from among her audience left the chapel? Here was a woman whose very presence should have won respect,—a woman accustomed to the best society of this and foreign lands. What must have been her verdict upon the higher education of women! "But we couldn't hear in the back of the chapel," some one says. We answer: "Better to be bored than to be rude, and to bring discredit upon our College and our cause."

There is much individual kindliness and courtesy among the students. Can we not make this more general?

C. M. K., '87.

IV.

At the last concert I had been seated only a few minutes when a student, who evidently considered herself fortunate in the possession of two guests, sat down directly behind me. As soon as they were seated the girl, who seemed to feel that two guests demanded a double effort at conversation, began a vivid description of some of the trifling incidents of our

college life. Since she seldom stopped for breath, and never allowed her dual escort to make a remark, in the few minutes before the concert I gained some of the choicest bits of college gossip I had heard for months. When the concert began, however, I expected to hear no more, and was congratulating her guests upon the rest they were to secure. No such good fortune was to be theirs or mine, however. As an accompaniment to Händel's "Aria con variazioni," I heard the words "fudge," "ten o'clock," "a note of warning." In the combination, both the music and the conversation suffered. Had I been able to give undivided attention to the music, I should certainly have enjoyed it. The conversation, had it not been broken by the music, would have been interesting, beyond question. I turned around and looked at the girl in a way she must have understood. She returned the look,—and went on talking. At the end of the second number she and the long-suffering guests moved to some seats in another aisle. I sincerely beg the pardon of the persons to whom my look sent them, for they carried on the same animated conversation throughout the evening.

This experience has not been mine alone; many another member of the College has had a similar one. The remedy of such a trouble is almost too simple to suggest. Even if we cannot change the system of concert tickets so that the appreciative, rather than the unappreciative, may enjoy the opportunity of hearing good music, there is one thing we can do: we can show that the Wellesley girl never forgets that the height of good breeding is to be inconspicuous, courteous, and thoughtful for others.

F. F., '97.

EXCHANGES.

The various college magazines which have found their way to the Wellesley office this month are not so full of the spring freshness and joyous life as the early spring magazines usually are. Perhaps it is too early, but certainly there is a conspicuous lack of spring poetry and effusions. To be sure, the *Trinity Tablet* ends an allusion to spring with the Rubaiyat quotation:—

> "Come, fill the cup, and in the fire of spring
> Your winter garments of repentance fling,"

but this is inspiration at secondhand. The *Yale Lit.*, in commenting upon the changes brought about at this season, also quotes—the following:—

"The time has come, the walrus said,
To talk of many things,—
Of shoes, and ships, and sealing wax,
And cabbages and kings."

Among the many pleasing numbers one turns with perhaps the greatest pleasure to the finished work found in the Alumni number of the *Dartmouth Lit.* Here we find contributions from the classes of '36, '84, '87, '89, '94, and '95. It is hardly fair to select any one article, as they are all excellent; but the little one-act drama of W. D. Quint, '87, is particularly good. The parody on "Sherlock Holmes," by W. B. Forbush, '88, and the article on "Morbidness in Modern Literature," by J. T. Gerould, '95, are especially worthy of notice. The numerous references so carefully given by Mr. Gerould on each page are more than suggestive of Junior Forensics. Mr. Gerould does not merit criticism on the ground of insufficient proof.

From the *Yale Lit.* we notice especially the appreciative criticism of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses," and a dramatic sketch called, "After the War."

The fiction in the *Smith College Monthly* is almost *nil*. There is a little Irish sketch, but the best work in the Monthly is found in its verse and its Browning and Plato criticisms.

The Red and Blue has a most interesting article on "The Famous Old Schools of Philadelphia," and an equally entertaining one on "Radiographic Photography."

We notice an odd little sketch in the *Trinity Tablet*, entitled "The Man with the Green Goggles."

The *Columbia Lit.* has a particularly good number for March. The story entitled "Mademoiselle's Dowry" is an apparent but not entirely unsuccessful imitation of Du Maupassant. "The Women of the North Half *et alia monae*," and "A Glance at the Barnard Laboratory," both repay one for the reading.

The Inlander, from the University of Michigan, is rich in fiction this month, and very fair fiction it is too. "The Tale of a Coat," "The Fate of a Proselyte," and "A Confusion of Tongues," are all above the average college story.

The college story "In a Foreign Field," and the interesting review of "The Letters of Matthew Arnold," are the best things in the *Vassar Miscellany*.

The verse this month is not up to the average, but we give below some of the best:—

AN APOLOGY.

He was at fault. Wherein, she knows
Who heareth now his humble word,
"I was at fault." Yea, were they foes
She could not claim these words unheard.
And having heard, what will her pride
Ask else, if aught? For she is proud—
Pride nigh hauteur is hers,—beside,
He was at fault. They met. She bowed.

—*Columbia Lit.*

A QUESTION.

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."
That's what the book says, but what would you do
If the number of things weren't intended for you?
If the skates that you wanted cost too much to buy,
And mamma wouldn't give you two pieces of pie?
The world may be full of a number of things,
But that doesn't make us as happy as kings.

—*Smith College Monthly.*

THE NIXY.

They brought her honey and milk,
They brought her curds and wine,
"But oh!" she cried, "for the river side,
And the rushes that were mine!"

They robed her body with silk,
They filled her lap with gold,
"But oh!" she prayed, "for the mossy shade,
And the green depths pure and cold!"

They kissed her ankles for love,
They worshiped at her eyes,
"But oh!" she moaned, "for the flood, deep-toned,
And the sweeping spray that flies!"

They draped her chamber with black,
They wept there at her bier,
But her glad soul fled when her heart was dead,
And flowed with the river clear.

—*Smith College Monthly.*

AUSTIN DOBSON.

Artist whose music is never coy nor shy,
But with a courtly air, demure and sweet,
Stepping, with old-time grace, on dainty feet
That scatter music as they pass us by;
Yet often hide the echo of a sigh
Pressed from the heart above, for though replete
With wit, her song it often doth repeat
That human smiles to human tears are nigh.
Artist from first to last! And though the storm
Of passion thunder not in every line,
Thou hast not left the matter for the form,
For in each word there breathes the spark divine.
Ah, thou hast served thy mistress well; and she
Has gained, not lost, by her great gifts to thee.

—*The Red and Blue.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

LATE and clouded though the spring has been, Wellesley has cause for April rejoicing in the dainty volume of lyrics coming to us as an Easter gift from our own Miss Jewett. There is full beauty of springtide here:—

"All day the grass made my feet glad;
I watched the bright life thrill
To each leaf-tip and flower-lip;
Swift winds that swept the hill,
In garden nook light lingering, shook
The budding daffodil."

June breathes among the pages, too, with her "green, half-tasseled wheat" and "pewee's brooding notes"; here is the "golden, holy August afternoon," and the wistful charm of November's "fading woods and withered land." The very fragrance of out of doors pervades the book. The sensitiveness of the writer to the more subtle moods of Nature is revealed in poems such as this, which has something of the pitiless keenness of observation known only to kinship and close comradeship:—

A LAND-WIND.

The lichen rustles against my cheek,
But the heart of the rock is still;
With chattering voice the cedars speak,
Crouched gray on the barren hill.

A land-wind snarls on the cliff's sheer edge,
  Below, the smitten sea
Comes fawning over a sunken ledge,
  And cowers whimperingly.

In the sultry wood lies a restless hush,
  Not a twitter falls from the sky;
Hidden are swallow, sparrow and thrush,
  And the sea-birds only cry.

The theme of the volume, however, is not Nature, but Life—the lyric theme of the human heart

"Lifting the shield of Love against the world."

There are poignant songs of longing:—

EVENSONG.

Come, O Love, while the far stars whiten,
  Gathering, growing, momently;
Thou, who art star of stars, to lighten
  One dim heart that waiteth thee.

Speak, O Love, for the silence presses,
  Bowing my spirit like a fear;
Thou, whose words are as caresses,
  Sweet, sole voice that I long to hear.

COMMUNION.

Dusk of a lowering evening,
  Chill of a northern zone,
Pitiful press of worn faces,
  And an exiled heart alone.

Warm, as with sun of the tropic,
  Keen, as with salt of the sea,
Sweet, as with breath of blown roses,
  Cometh thy thought to me.

There is an exquisite song of fugitive joy:—

SONG.

Thy face I have seen as one seeth
  A face in a dream,
Soft drifting before me as drifteth
  A leaf on the stream:

A face such as evermore fleeth
From following feet,
A face such as hideth and shifteth
Evasive and sweet.

Thy voice I have heard as one heareth
Afar and apart,
The woodthrush that rapturous poureth
The song of his heart;
Who heedeth is blest, but who neareth
In wary pursuit,
May see where the singer upsoareth,
The forest is mute.

And here, most precious of all, is a veritable Easter song of love's immortality :—

THOUGH UNSEEN.

From the dwelling-place of the Holy Dead
Wilt thou come back to me?
O Love, it is far
To that glad, great star
Whose shining hath hidden thee!
"Neither in star nor sun," she said,
Her voice as it oft had been,
"The dwelling-place of the Holy Dead,
Nor dreamer nor saint hath seen."

Lost Love of mine, where we walked of yore
Thy feet made hallowed ground;
Now earth is earth,
Here are death and birth,
But where is the glory found?
Low at my side her voice once more,
"Dull are thine eyes," she said;
"Walk with me now as we went of yore,"
And I walk with the Holy Dead.

The beautiful name-poem, "The Pilgrim," whose cover-design links the artist sister with the poet sister, is well known through its recent publication in *The Century*. Many of the other lyrics have appeared in the magazines, especially in *Scribner's*. "White Head," one of the strongest and most penetrating, came out in the *New England*. "To-day's Daughter" was the Commencement Poem of Smith College for the class of '85. It is altogether a notable volume, this modest booklet, with its impress of rare

artistic culture and choicest womanly personality. Of books the world has enough and to spare, and verse is common as failure, but for poetry we are always athirst. It is a diamond draught that our Wellesley laureate gives us here.

The latest number of the "Students' Series of English Classics," which comes to us from the press of Messrs. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn, contains Books I., VI., XXII., and XXIV. of Pope's *Iliad*. The editor, Mr. Warwick James Price, Master of English in St. Paul's School, prefaces his work with a short "Biographical Introduction," which is made to include, moreover, a brief summary of the state of English letters in Pope's time, and a critical analysis of Pope's fitness and unfitness for translating Homer. The text is annotated fully; and a dictionary of proper names which is appended may prove equally grateful to the frankly ignorant reader, and to the student from whose mind later studies in other subjects have crowded out all but a hazy remembrance of ancient geography and Greek mythology.

In a little volume whose cover bears the unpretentious title *Vortrage*, Prof. James Howard Gore, Ph.D., of Columbian University, edits three lectures of the German scientist, Du Bois Reymond. In his preface Mr. Gore tells us that the present work has been prompted by "a desire to make a contribution to the aids available to English-speaking students in their efforts to learn technical or scientific German." The lectures themselves, "Tierische Bewegung," "Uber die Grenzen des Naturkennens," and "Die Sieben Welträtsel," are, perhaps, as easy reading to one who has an ordinary knowledge of German as any one of the "Lay Sermons and Addresses" to an English-reading German. Indeed, in general tone as in choice of subject, the second and third essays might well remind one of the "Lay Sermons"; and the technical vocabulary gained in reading them is about as great as the technical English vocabulary to be got in reading "The Physical Basis of Life," for instance.

The footnotes are very full, and, of course, in English. The compilation of these notes alone, even with some assistance from the lecturer himself, must have been no small task. Wide and varied, however, is the knowledge of biography, history, and the fiction of England, France, and Germany which the speaker presupposes in his audience. The entire book is in English type.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Pope's Iliad, Books I., VI., XXII., and XXIV. In the "Student's Series of English Classics." Leach, Shewell, & Sanborn, Boston, New York and Chicago.

A History of Greece for Colleges and High Schools, by Philip Van Ness Myers, Professor of History in the University of Cincinnati. Ginn & Co., Boston and London.

Vortrage, by Emil Du Bois Reymond, edited, with introduction and notes, by James Howard Gore, Ph.D., Professor of German in Columbian University. Ginn & Co., Boston and London.

The Individual and the State: An Essay on Justice, by Thomas Wardlaw Taylor, Jr., M.A., fellow of the Sage School of Philosophy, Cornell University. Ginn & Co., Boston and London.

Selected Essays from Sainte-Beuve, edited, with Introduction, Bibliography, and Notes, by S. R. Effinger, Jr., Instructor in French in University of Michigan. Ginn & Co., Boston and London.

The Pilgrim, and Other Poems, by Sophie Jewett (Ellen Burroughs). Macmillan & Co. 1896.

COLLEGE NOTES.

On the evening of Monday, March 2, a wind-instrument concert was given in the chapel by members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The freshmen attempted to hold a class meeting after luncheon, on Friday, March 6, for the adoption of their Constitution. Ninety-eight, however, was rather noisily present, and Ninety-seven increased the confusion by endeavoring to protect the young. The freshmen could hardly have accomplished much.

A reading from the Iliad was given in the chapel, at three o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, March 7, by a member of the Boston School of Oratory.

In the Physical Lecture Room, at four o'clock on the same afternoon, Professor Whiting repeated, by request, her lecture on the Roentgen light, or "X-Rays." Many students who had been unable to attend before took advantage of this opportunity, and the room was filled to overflowing.

Dr. MacMillan of Allegheny, Pennsylvania, preached in the chapel on Sunday, March 8.

On the evening of Monday, March the 9th, Mrs. Mary Livermore addressed the students. An informal reception was held afterwards in the faculty parlor.

A mass meeting of the students was held in the chapel, Wednesday, March 11, Miss Young, the president of '96, acting as chairman, and Miss Gordon, the president of '97, as secretary. A change in the size of the college pin, as proposed by '98, was the subject of debate. It was moved that the college pin be hereafter two thirds of the present size. The supporters of the motion argued that such a pin would be more comely to the sight than the present large and more conspicuous pin; also, that being cheaper, it would be more generally worn. The price of the new pin had already been estimated as three dollars and seventy-five cents, the price of the old being five dollars. Motions to leave the choice between the two sizes to the discretion of each student or each class were lost. The original motion was finally carried by a majority of seventy-nine. The question, however, is not thus entirely settled, but must now be laid before the alumnæ in June.

On Sunday, March 15, Rev. Mr. Tuttle, of Amherst College, conducted services in the chapel.

On the afternoon of Monday, March 16, the seniors gave a reception to the Faculty in the Art Building.

Monday evening, March 16, Mademoiselle Szumowska, known as Paderewski's favorite pupil, gave a piano recital to an enthusiastic audience in the chapel.

The Class of '99 held its first meeting for the election of officers, Friday, March 20. Miss MacFarland was elected freshman president.

The Agora held its annual open meeting in the gymnasium, Saturday evening, March 21, presenting the Eleventh National Nominating Convention of the Republican Party. The programme rendered was as follows:—

First Day, evening session: Convention called to order by temporary chairman. Report of Committee on Permanent Organization. Permanent chairman takes the chair. Presentation of the Gavel. Resolutions offered. Adjournment.

Third Day, morning session: Report of Committee on Resolutions (Platform). Adjournment.

Fourth Day, evening session: Roll call of States for nomination of presidential candidates. Rising vote for candidates. Adjournment.

The audience was requested to join in the rising vote, and the contest at the end was very close,—Thomas B. Reed being finally elected by a majority of one. Many of the speeches given were extremely good imitations of political oratory. In every way the Agora is to be congratulated on a successful and interesting meeting.

Professor Twitchell, of Hartford, preached in the chapel on Sunday, March 22.

The girls at Fiske Cottage gave an entertainment to their friends, Monday afternoon, March 23. Farces from William Dean Howells and John Kendrick Bangs were well rendered, and received with applause.

At half past six on Monday evening the Class of '97 held a Fudge Party in the gymnasium, for the benefit of the College library. A small admission fee was charged at the door, and fudge, together with other kinds of college candies, was on sale during the evening. "Living Gibson Pictures" were presented by members of '97. The affair as a whole was very successful, and brought in about ninety dollars for the needed books.

Dr. Edward Clark, of Boston, gave a stereopticon lecture on Greek Art, at half past seven on Monday evening, March 23, under the auspices of the Classical Society.

On Wednesday, March 25, college closed for the ten days of Easter vacation.

SOCIETY NOTES.

The monthly programme meeting of the Classical Society was held Saturday, February 15.

Symposium.

Latest News from Classic Lands.

Architecture of Athenian Public Buildings.

Homes of the People.

A Great Athenian Artist . . . . . Maria Kneen.

Illustrated Talk on Art Treasures of the Acropolis . . . Florence E. Hastings.

A regular meeting of the Phi Sigma Society was held March 7, with the following programme:—

Shelley's Life and Personality.

Biographical Sketch . . . . Ellen D. Smith.

Shelley's Personality as seen in his Letters . . . . . Amelia M. Ely.

Music.

The Development of Shelley's Genius.

A regular meeting of the Tau Zeta Epsilon Society was held in Society Hall, on Saturday evening, March 14. The programme was as follows:—

Paper: Cambridge . . . . Elfie Graff.

Sonnets from Wordsworth . . . Miss Boutelle.

Paper: Ely . . . . . Warrene Piper.

Paper: Norwich, Peterbourough, York . Edith Butler.

At the regular meeting of the Zeta Alpha Society, March 14, the following programme was presented:—

The Institutions of Russia.

The School System of Russia . . . Mary Montgomery.

The Greek Church . . . . . Josephine Hayward.

Russian Fairs . . . . . Margaret Wheeler.

Russian Art . . . . . Margaret Henry.

Current Topic: The Salvation Army . Miss Shackford.

Miss Katharine Wetmore, '97, and Miss Grace Hoge, '98, were initiated.

A regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held on Friday, March 20, in Shakespeare Hall. The following programme was presented:—

Shakespeare News	Helen Capron.
Shakespeare and Browning as Humorists .	Florence Bennett.
Heroes in Shakespeare and Browning, Henry V. and Caponsacchi . .	Gertrude Rushmore.
Ideal Women: Hermione and Pompilia .	Ada Belfield.
Dramatic Representation, Henry IV. Act II., Scene 4.	
A study of Villainy, Iago and Guido .	Constance Emerson.
Dramatic Representation, Macbeth, Act II., Scene 2; Act V., Scene 1.	

Miss Flora Skinner was initiated into the Society.

The Agora held an open meeting in the gymnasium on the evening of Saturday, March 21. The Eleventh National Nominating Convention of the Republican Party was presented.

A regular meeting of the Classical Society was held Saturday, March 21, with the following programme:—

Symposium.

Latest News from Classic Lands.

Literary Life in the Ports of Athens.	Margaret Morgan.
Discussion of the Pre-eminence of Athens in,	
a. Oratory	Edith Ames.
b. Philosophy	Marcia Smith.
c. Drama	Professor Chapin.

Selections:

a. From an Athenian Orator. "Arraignment of Eratosthenes," Sepetas	Grace B. Townsend.
b. From an Athenian Dramatist. "Iphigenia in Tauris," Euripides.	Bertha Smith, Elizabeth Abbe.
c. From an Athenian Philosopher. "Phædon," Plato . . .	Isabel Thyng.

COLLEGE BULLETIN.

Saturday, April 11.—Lecture. Cecilia Waern.
Sunday, April 12.—Dean Hodges.
Monday, April 13.—Lecture. President Andrews.
Saturday, April 18.—Reading. Mr. Riddle.
Sunday, April 19.—Rev. B. D. Halm.
Monday, April 20.—Lecture. Hamilton Gibson.
Sunday, April 26.—Rev. G. W. A. Stewart.
Monday, April 27.—Concert.
Sunday, May 3.—President Hyde.
Monday, May 11.—Reading. Mr. Powers.
Saturday, May 16.—Samuel Thurber.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

In accordance with the method of procedure adopted last June, by the Wellesley Alumnæ Association, the following circular was issued in January. The voting ballot will be reported in the next number of the MAGAZINE.

CIRCULAR.

In pursuance of a vote of the Alumnæ Association, the undersigned have been appointed a Committee to present to the alumnæ of not less than three years' standing names for nomination to the Board of Trustees, in number equal to six times the number of vacancies to be filled, in addition to the name of the outgoing trustee eligible for re-election.

The vacancy to be filled on Commencement Day, Tuesday, June 23, 1896, is one for the term of six years, in place of Mrs. Adaline Emerson Thompson, '80, who is eligible for re-election.

The Committee are prepared to receive ballots for nomination, which must be sent to them before April 1, addressed to Miss Katharine Lee Bates, Wellesley, Mass. Nominating ballots received later than April 1 will not be counted.

Each ballot should contain the names of not more than two candidates, chosen from the list of seven names herewith presented, and must be signed by the voter who offers it. The names of the two candidates receiving the

highest number of votes will be placed on an official ballot, for use in the coming election; and a copy of this official ballot will be sent to every voting alumna before May 1.

All Wellesley graduates of not less than seven years' standing are eligible as Trustees, with the exception of members of the College faculty. Graduates of not less than three years' standing are qualified to vote.

Additional nominations of candidates, which will also be placed on the official ballot, may be made by certificate, signed by not less than thirty alumnæ qualified to vote. All such certificates must be addressed to, and deposited with, the chairman of the Nominating Committee before April 15. Blank certificates may be had on application to the chairman.

The present Committee, in explanation of their ticket and choice of data, would call the attention of voters to the following points:—

1. That neighborhood to Boston renders a Trustee more available for committee work.

2. That educational experience, and especially a knowledge of other collegiate institutions, constitute a valuable contribution to Trustee deliberations.

3. That executive experience, ability in speaking, judgment, energy, and a wide-awake interest in the progress of Wellesley are counted as especial qualifications.

4. That an effort has been made to represent in these nominations the later classes, as well as the earlier, of the eleven ('79–89) from which Trustees may now be elected.

5. That it has been deemed inexpedient to repeat, on this nominating ballot, names presented on the ballot of two years ago.

6. That church connection becomes of peculiar importance, in view of the fact that the Board of Trustees cannot have a majority of any one denomination.

A list of the present Board of Trustees is appended. A blank ballot is enclosed.

KATHARINE LEE BATES, '80, *Chairman*,
EDITH S. TUFTS, '85, *Secretary*,
HARRIET L. CONSTANTINE, '89,
CAROLINE L. WILLIAMSON, '89,
BELLE SHERWIN, '90,
Committee.

JANUARY, 1896.

OUTGOING TRUSTEE ELIGIBLE FOR RE-ELECTION.

Mrs. Adaline Emerson Thompson, B.A., '80. Congregationalist. 41 Chestnut Street, East Orange, N. J.

Mrs. Thompson took her seat on the Board of Trustees at the February meeting, 1895. She had previously held for several years the Presidency of the College Settlements Association, and had served as President of the Woman's Club of Orange. She is accustomed to public speaking, and experienced in business matters and executive work. Mrs. Thompson has had exceptional opportunities to keep in touch with Wellesley interests through the successive studentships of her four younger sisters, the last of whom was graduated in '92.

NAMES SUGGESTED FOR NOMINATION.

Miss Lizzie D. White, B.A., '81. Congregationalist. Williamstown, Mass.

Miss White has at different times since her graduation held the positions of Secretary of the McCall Auxiliary, Treasurer of the Boston Branch of Collegiate Alumnæ, and Assistant in the Treasurer's office of Williams College, gaining from the last a somewhat intimate knowledge of college administration. She has also spent a year in Europe, has carried out certain regular lines of study, and has been actively engaged in club and church work.

Mrs. Isabella French Bigelow, B.A., '83. Methodist. 813 West Lovell Street, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Mrs. Bigelow, in the three years immediately following her graduation, made a record as an able teacher of Science and Mathematics at Abbott Academy, Andover, Mass. In the fall of '87 she became Principal of Michigan Seminary, Kalamazoo, holding the position until her marriage in '92. She has since been elected a Trustee of Michigan Seminary, and continues to serve the institution in that capacity. During the year '86–87 she held the Presidency of the Wellesley Alumnæ Association.

Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery, B.A., '84. Baptist. 219 Fulton Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. Montgomery taught in the High School of Rochester, '84–85, and in the Wellesley Preparatory School of Philadelphia, '85–87. Since her marriage she has conducted in Rochester and vicinity classes in History and Literature, which have been largely attended; and has successfully appeared as a public speaker upon literary and religious subjects in many of the eastern towns and cities. Mrs. Montgomery is recognized as one of the leading women in her own section of the country.

Mrs. Harriet Peale Towne, B.A., '85. Congregationalist. Holyoke, Mass.

Since graduation Mrs. Towne has traveled somewhat extensively in this country and in Europe. For several years she taught History and Literature at St. Mary's Hall, Burlington.

Notwithstanding the claims of home life, Mrs. Towne bears an active and helpful part in the work of the church and clubs with which she is connected. Her knowledge of Wellesley has been freshened through a younger sister, who took her degree in '95.

Prof. Elizabeth Slater, B.A., '88, M.A., '93. Baptist. Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass.

Miss Slater supplemented her Wellesley course by a year of Greek in the American School at Athens, and by a second year of study and travel in France and Germany. For two years she served as teacher of Greek, French and German at Science Hill, Shelbyville, Ky., and for the past four years has held the chair of Greek at Mount Holyoke College, where her work and influence are highly valued.

Mrs. Mary Edwards Twitchell, B.A., '89. Presbyterian. 214 Sixth Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Although Mrs. Twitchell has been but seven years out of college, she has made an excellent record as a teacher in "Woodside," Hartford, and in the Horace Mann High School of the Teachers' College, New York City. This last position she held for three years. Since her marriage, in '93, Mrs. Twitchell has continued to render most efficient service to the New York Wellesley Club. Before this association, and also before the Cambridge Club of Brooklyn, she has several times presented literary papers.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

Alexander McKenzie, D.D., President of the Board.
Alvah Hovey, D.D., LL.D., Vice President.
Mrs. Pauline A. Durant, Secretary.
Alpheus H. Hardy, B.A., Treasurer.
William Claflin, LL.D.
Mrs. Mary B. Claflin.
William F. Warren, S.T.D., LL.D.
Elisha S. Converse.
Dwight L. Moody.
Miss Lilian Horsford.
Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, Ph.D., L.H.D.
Horace E. Scudder, B.A.
Edwin Hale Abbot, M.A.
William Lawrence, D.D.
Edward L. Clark, D.D.
Mrs. Julia J. Irvine, M.A., Litt. D. (*ex officio*), President of the College.
Mrs. Louise McCoy North, Well. B.A., '79, M.A., '82. Alumna Trustee (1894–1900).

Miss Estelle May Hurll, Well. B.A., '82, M.A., '92. Alumna Trustee (1894–1898).

Mrs. Adaline Emerson Thompson, Well. B.A., '80. Alumna Trustee (1894–1896).

On Saturday, March 21, Miss Ida Benfey gave a recital, under the auspices of the New York Wellesley Club, at the Berkeley Lyceum Theatre. The recital was for the benefit of the Students' Aid Society of Wellesley, Miss Benfey, in her interest in the needs of the College, generously contributing her services. The programme for the afternoon consisted of dramatizations from Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables, and "The Middle Hall," by Ruth McEnery Stuart.

Prof. Elizabeth Denio gave a lecture on "The Madonna in Italian Art," March 5, at Denison House.

Miss Vida D. Scudder is giving a series of lectures at the home of Mrs. Lucinda Prince, '91–93. Miss Scudder gave a lecture on Shelley before the People's Union, March 24. It was enthusiastically received, and the discussion that followed was unique and good.

Miss Charlotte Conant, '84, and her sister Miss Martha P. Conant, '90, spent Easter vacation in Boston.

A programme is issued by Dr. H. S. Paine, and Sarah Potter Paine, '84, of Glens Falls, N. Y., announcing their proposed annual European tour for 1896. Their itinerary is suited to the time of the summer vacation, and embraces the chief points of interest in England, France, Switzerland, Italy, and Germany.

Mrs. Verna Sheldon Hicks, '85, intends to visit Europe this summer, with her husband, Professor Hicks, of the University of Missouri. She will take her little son and daughter.

Miss Nella G. Robbins, '83–85, returned on steamship Yucatan *via* Havana, from her visit to Mexico, landing in New York, March 30.

Mrs. Annie Barrett Hughes, '86, is living in Chicago, at 6246 Madison Avenue.

Miss Laura Parker, '88, Miss Ford, '91, and Miss Furber, '92, are planning a trip abroad this summer.

Miss May Banta, '89, has been spending the winter in Brooklyn, N. Y., at 144 St. James Place.

Mrs. Sylvia Foote Gosnell, '89, is living at 85 Niagara Street, Lockport, N. Y. Mr. Gosnell has charge of the First M. E. Church of Lockport.

Miss Sarah H. Groff, '89, is studying Latin at the University of Pennsylvania.

Miss Gertrude James, '89, and Miss Maude Taylor, '91, are teaching in the High School, Portland, Ore.

Miss Katherine Lane, '89, spent Sunday, March 22, at Wellesley.

Miss Emma S. Pleasants,' 89, teaches a few hours each day in the same school with Miss Louise Pinney, '89, Los Angeles, Cal.

Miss Emma Teller, '89, spent ten days with her classmate, Miss Grace Andrews, the last of March.

Miss Caroline L. Williamson, '89, spent January, February, and March in Florida and Georgia.

Miss Mary Orton, '90, spent March 8 at the College.

Mrs. Evarts Ewing Munn, '87–90, writes: "I have just reached home after a most delightful trip through the Hawaiian Islands, and a charming visit in hospitable Honolulu. I saw Mrs. Mabel Wing Castle, Miss Maude Millard, and Miss Agnes Judd, and one bonnie Wellesley baby girl, Eleanor Henry Castle."

Miss Mary Barrows, '90, was at the College March 6.

Miss Mabel G. Curtis, '90, Secretary and Treasurer of the Wellesley Alumnæ Chapter of the College Settlements Association, has raised over $77.00 for the repairs at Denison House. This money has come from members of the Alumnæ Chapter in the vicinity of Boston.

Miss Myrtilla Avery, '91, came to Boston with a class from the Albany Library School, and stayed at Denison House, 93 Tyler St., during the Easter vacation.

Miss Effie Banta, '91, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Miss Caroline Perkins, '91, Taunton, Mass., called at Denison House late in March.

Miss Elizabeth Wardwell, '91, and Miss Isabel Morgan, '92, spent the vacation in Boston. The presence of Miss Avery, Miss Minnie Morss, Miss Wardwell, Miss Morgan, and Miss Wall, in Boston during the vacation, made a Cottage Street reunion possible.

Miss Juliet Wall, '91, spent a week, March 12–19, in Providence, R. I.

Miss Augusta Whitney, '87–91, is studying music with Miss O'Brien, and teaching music in Boston. Address, 64 West Rutland Square.

Miss Grace Mix, '91–92, spent the Sunday before Easter at Wellesley.

Miss Alice W. Kellogg, '94, sails on June 6 for South Africa, where she is to teach Greek and English in the Huguenot Seminary at Wellington and to edit a temperance paper.

Miss Alice I. P. Wood, '94, is teaching in New York, in the school for girls conducted by the Sisters of Saint John the Baptist of the Episcopal Church.

Miss Beatrice Stepanick, '95, is principal of the High School in Alma, Michigan.

95 Rivington Street.

The latest undertaking of the New York College Settlement is a night school. On Monday and Tuesday evenings there are classes in United States history, current news, English, and travel. Each course of study is to last six weeks.

Miss Dora B. Emerson, '92, is conducting a class in physiology for the school-teachers of the neighborhood.

Miss Elizabeth H. Peale, '95, spent the early part of March at the Settlement.

Miss Ada S. Woolfolk, '91, is expected for the Easter holidays.

The College Glee Club contributed greatly to the pleasure of the Thursday evening party of March 9, at Denison House, 93 Tyler Street, Boston.

An addition is to be made to Denison House this spring, and Wellesley people have already manifested an interest. All are welcome to a share in the part which the W. A. Chapter of the C. S. A. have chosen as theirs,—namely, the expense of the hard-wood floor for the ground-floor room. Any of the former students of Wellesley or their friends who would like to contribute may do so through the chapter. A large part has already been paid in, and there is just enough left for those who want a share. Mabel Gair Curtis, Secretary and Treasurer W. A. Chapter, C. S. A.

A very enthusiastic Wellesley meeting was held in Los Angeles on the afternoon of March 28. The time was spent in greeting old friends and in meeting new ones, relating interesting experiences of college days, discussing recent changes, singing Wellesley songs, etc. The coming together of Wellesley people in this far-away land, across the continent from Alma Mater, has proven so enjoyable in the past two or three meetings held, that on this occasion it was decided to form a Southern California Wellesley Club. Mrs. Mary Merdiam Coman, '84, of Pasadena, was elected president, and Miss Bertha Lebus, '91, of Los Angeles, secretary. The Club is to be very informal, and of a purely social nature, its main objects being to acquaint Wellesley girls with each other and to keep them in closer touch with college life.

MARRIAGES.

Lindsay–Brown.—In Philadelphia, April 9, 1896, Miss Anna Robertson Brown, '83, to Samuel McCune Lindsay. Mr. Lindsay is a professor in University of Pennsylvania.

BIRTHS.

March 2, 1896, in Binghamton, N. Y., a son, Lucius Haynes, to Mrs. Lillian Haynes Fowler, '90.

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